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QUEEN'S FOLLY.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GOLDEN HAZE.

Two persons had witnessed Rachel's intervention in young Rodmin's behalf, and its issue; they had witnessed it from windows as far apart as their stations in life, but with feelings to some extent akin. Of these two one was Lady Ellingham—out of her later. The other was Girardot.

The tutor was very sore. The rebuff that he had suffered in the drawing-room, and the banter in which the Countess had indulged at his expense, had wounded his vanity to the quick—and he was a man very vain of his fascination and his conquests. Of his hold over Lady Ellingham's feelings he had never been confident. She had been and she still was, though he was no believer in woman's virtue, something of an enigma to him. But the part that Rachel had played—Rachel, the little girl over whom at least he had deemed his influence secure—this had not only surprised but enraged him. It had had, too, other and natural consequences. It had heightened his fancy for the girl, and at the same time had infused into his feeling for her that tinge of cruelty which is often a part of a certain kind of love. Still, the desire to reduce her was checked for a while by discretion, and was also held in suspense by the reflection that hasty action might affect his chances in a higher quarter. He was still inclined to wait on events in the hope that he might secure his conquest without that conquest proving too costly.

But what he now saw from the window both quickened his desire and overcame his prudence. He saw her, the little insignificant governess, surrounded by a group of men belonging to the

class that if it addressed him at all addressed him with patronage, and he saw her, as he supposed, the centre of their attentions. And while he wondered with angry surprise what this might mean and how she came to be there, the sight added immensely to her value. He suspected, remembering the scene in the drawing-room, that the minx was now flying at higher game, and he feared that the piquancy and the charm that had caught his own fancy might prove as attractive to others. Ay, she was flying at higher game, he was sure; and it was with a view to this that she had eluded and baffled him and joined with my lady in making sport of him! In a twinkling idle liking flamed into passion, and the man burned with the desire to subdue the woman—burned with a desire that mingled love with revenge.

Of success, if he bent himself to conquer regardless of consequences, he had no doubt. With his handsome face and ingratiating tongue, his cleverness and experience, he was not wont to be defeated. And he was not going to be defeated by this naïve little prude upon whom he was sure that he had at one time made his impression! He had seen her colour rise too often at his entrance, her eyes grow tender at his approach, to doubt that. And though she might now have conceived, dear duplicity that she was, higher ambitions, he knew the force of a first impression, he had proved the power of the first man; and he had little doubt that, at some risk to his position in the house, he could renew the spell. For if men were fire, women were tow, and she should learn that lesson.

So far he had paid his court warily, out of prudence. But now he threw prudence to the winds, and even went so far as to persuade himself that he was more likely to succeed elsewhere if he summoned jealousy to his aid. It might be that that which had moved my lady to make that surprising and embarrassing attack upon him in the drawing-room had been jealousy. He was not only vain enough to think this possible, but sanguine enough to hope that by pursuing the humbler game he might, in the long run, pull down both.

But for the moment as he glowered from the window it was the girl whom he burned to conquer.

He saw that he must attack her where they would not be open to interruption, and his pupil's absence with the shooters left him free. He placed himself on the watch, and soon after two he saw Rachel, in her warm caped cloak, leave the house and walk briskly away, taking a path which entered the forest at the rear of the

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house. He guessed the place for which she was making, and familiar with the forest he made for the spot by another path. As he brushed through the dead bracken, and now leapt a narrow rivulet, now plunged through a wet bottom, he had his moments of doubt; not doubt of the maid but doubt of his own wisdom. All about him whispered cold caution: the cheerless breeze, the hollies that bulked darkly against the open leafless trees, the dead aspect of the frozen woods.

But desire knows few obstacles, and he was not one to be easily turned aside. The ardour within him repelled the outer cold, and when he emerged from the wood and saw the March Stone and read the drooping lines of the figure standing despondently before it, he guessed with a thrill of triumph the trend of the girl's thoughts, and that he was the subject of them. The possessive instinct flamed up in him, and, confident of victory, he considered only how he might best open the attack.

For he foresaw that at the outset he would have to overcome difficulties—the prejudice which his prudent holding-off and Lady Ellingham's candour had raised in the girl's mind, no less than the ambitious hopes that she had been led to place elsewhere. He must be both bold and adroit. But given these qualities he was confident that if he did not succeed, all his knowledge of women was at fault.

The girl stood so deep in thought—and it was easy to see, in sad thought—that he was able to approach her unnoticed.

When at last the snap of a stick caught her ear and she turned, her surprise was complete. The tell-tale blood flooded her face, and at that sight Girardot's heart leapt in triumph. She was his, he was certain of it. Yes, he had set his mark upon her! But it was not his cue at the moment to show what he felt, and it was with a pensive air and leaning on his cane that he stood looking, not at her, but at the crumbling pillar.

'Change!' he said, in a low voice. 'Change everywhere, yet this is not changed since we saw it last. It is the same, this stone, whether the sun shines, or the clouds gather. Whether a lord gazes on it or a clown. Or you or I. It does not change.' He sighed.

His appearance at that moment—that moment when he filled all her thoughts—was almost too much for Rachel's self-control. She had been dreaming of him, and, taking farewell of him, her heart filled to the brim with his image. And to find him beside her! To be swept in a second by the flood of hopes, possibilities, alarms, that his

presence suggested and must suggest ! It was only by a most painful effort that the girl retained her composure, and found words. 'It does not feel,' she murmured, hardly knowing what she said.

'No,' he replied in the same tone, but with point. 'It does not feel. Nor grieve nor suffer. Our joys or our sorrows, our hopes or their failure, our happiness or misery, are one to it. It does not feel.'

She felt ! Alas, she felt only too strongly ! His tone, sad and faintly reproachful, stirred her to the depths. She could not reason or remember. His silence and his withdrawal were forgotten, and it was much if, taken in this unguarded moment of emotion, surprised when all her defences were down, she could hide her trouble or keep back her tears.

Speech was beyond her, and it was he who continued. 'It is cold, heartless, insensible to kindness,' he went on, his tone steeped in gloom. 'A stone. But at least it does not distrust, it is proof against slander, it does not veer with the weather, it is the same in favour and out of favour, rain or shine. What it was yesterday when the sun warmed it, it is to-day when the clouds gather.'

'But it is only a stone,' she said, striving for composure ; but she strove in vain, for a traitorous sob broke the words.

'Only a stone !' he repeated, his voice rising. 'You say that—you ! Ah, to me it is more, it is much more ! It tells me of hopes, of dear hopes born beside it, of plans formed under its shadow, of visions bound up with it—visions of humble contentment, of a home, a home far from this cold magnificence, and to be shared with one— But for you,' after breaking off abruptly, he turned to her, 'it has no such voice as this ? It tells no such tale ? It does not speak ?'

Alas, it was not only with his words, moving as they were, that poor Rachel had to contend. The spell of his presence, his nearness, his veiled reproach, all conspired to shake and overpower her resistance. The Countess's warning and her own waiting, her long suspense, lost their force, were for nothing, were forgotten. She needed only a sign, some certain sign—nay, only a touch, to be taken.

'Then the past is past ?' he continued slowly. 'Well, let it be so. We have walked here, we have stood here, we have—or I have—dreamed here. But to you it is all as if we had not ! As if those things had never been ! It is done with, Rachel !'

She was quivering from head to foot and in an agony lest her tears should overflow and he should measure the extent of her

trouble. Anything was better than this terrible, this betraying silence, and she forced herself to speak. 'I do not understand,' she whispered.

'You do not?' His voice rose at last in something like scorn. 'Oh, yes, you do! You do! Or, forgive me, you did! But a word from another has wiped all from your heart?'

'No!' she cried, tears in her voice. 'No! No!'

He passed by the remonstrance as if she had not spoken. 'At any rate, you knew once what I meant!' he said. 'Deny if you can that you knew that I loved you! Loved you with the love that is as sacred to us, Rachel, and more precious, since we possess so little, than it is to those beneath whose shadow, cold as this stone, we are fated to live! You knew that I loved you! I dare you to deny it. There is an affinity between us, a tie that without words would have told you as much—if my lips had never spoken. But you have hardened your heart against me. You have preferred to honest affection the smiles of those who smile only to deceive you.'

'Oh, no, no!' Rachel repeated, the tears running openly down her face. 'But I thought that you—I thought that you—' And quite simply she held out her hands to him.

'What did you think?'

'I thought that you did not mean it,' she sobbed, and she swayed towards him.

'Then you do!' he cried, and let his exaltation appear in his tone. 'You do love me!' And, triumphing, he took her, warm and unresisting, in his arms. 'You do! Oh, Rachel, is it true—is it true, and am I happy?' To himself, 'Oh, lucky stone!' he thought—but Rachel could not see his face or his smile. And he was careful, he was heedful not to frighten her. With another he would have pushed his opportunity, he would have covered her face with kisses. But he was no novice, there would be time for that by and by; and in this moment of her first surrender he held himself in hand. Instead, as she hid her happy face on his breast, he murmured soft words of endearment in her ears, he pressed her gently to him, soothed her with fond touches.

And Rachel felt and prized his self-restraint, and in this first moment of shy yet blissful surrender found no drawback to her happiness. When at her trembling appeal he at length released her, she saw all things, the leafless forest, the grey sky, the dead herbage, through a tremulous radiant mist, of which he was the centre and

creator. He was henceforth to be hers, her man, her pride, her support, the pillar about which her love would wind itself as the summer growth would presently weave itself about the grey pillar beside them. She was wholly happy, if shyly and blushing happy. Nor was it until—after more than one tender precious interlude, more than one exchange of ardent assurances—they had turned their backs on the spot now so sacred to her, and had left it some way behind them, that she felt the chill air of reality sweep aside a wisp of the roseate haze.

'Will you tell Lady Ellingham?' she murmured in a voice as tender as the look she raised to him. 'Or—must I?'

She felt the arm that encircled her stiffen, and the movement gave her a hint of discomfort. 'Ah!' he said slowly. 'That is to be considered. We must go about that warily, my darling.'

'But you do not mean—that we are not to—'

'To tell her?' he replied confidently. 'Of course we must. Of course we must tell her, my darling. But not yet. These things in our class,' with a flash of well-simulated resentment, 'are not favoured. I must be prepared with a place before I tell her, for this, you see, may end my engagement. It probably will, indeed.'

Contrition seized her. 'Oh, my dear,' she said, 'am I worth it? Are you sure that you—'

'Love you enough?' he answered, drawing her tenderly to him. 'Silly one! I hope that you are worth a great deal more than that—or I don't know you! But for a little space, my dear, we must be silent. And I am glad of it—yes, I am glad of it,' he repeated, so fervently that she could not but agree. 'For love, such love as ours, is a sacred thing, Rachel, I cannot bear that the common wind should blow on it, the common world discuss it! If I could, indeed, if it were possible, I would keep it from all! It should be for ever our secret, our treasure, our possession. I would guard it from every eye, every vulgar ear and tongue!'

'But that cannot be,' she objected gently, yet loved him the more for his delicacy.

'No,' with a sigh. 'That cannot be—of course. But for a little space let us keep it untarnished. In ten days or a fortnight, when I have tried the ground—'

'You will tell her?'

'Of course.' He spoke as if there was no question of that. 'We must, to be sure, we must. There is no other course open to us.'

She owned the beauty of his thought; of his conception of a

love, wholly and sacredly their own, and guarded from the knowledge of the cold, indifferent world. But her nature, simple and open, might not have consented so easily but for the limit of time that he named. Ten days? It would pass so quickly, so happily, and who, at such a moment, could raise scruples or put forward difficulties, as if he were one to be distrusted?

But a ruder blast was presently to penetrate, though it was far from dispersing, the glamour in which she moved. They were within a short distance of the house when, from a converging path some hundred yards before them, there issued the shooting party, straggling by twos and threes towards the Folly. Had one of the men looked back as they passed the fork, he must have seen the couple, and, quick to perceive this, Girardot drew her out of the path. He could not hide his discomposure.

'This won't do,' he said hurriedly. 'Or all is out, dearest. We must not be seen together, and in any case we must have parted presently. Do you go on. Go, dear!' And gently he stooped and kissed her. Then, as he gently released her, 'Do you go on, and God bless you, my own!'

She disliked the concealment, but what could she do with his kiss still on her lips? She complied and walked on in a tremor of happiness, hardly able, now that she was alone, to believe that this thing, this blessed thing, had happened to her—that he was hers, her own, her very own. But she was not long left to her thoughts. She was indeed roughly plucked from them, for at the meeting of the ways she came plump upon Ann—Ann capering along with her hand in her father's.

Had Rachel been walking in the real world instead of in that rosy dream, she might have heard their voices earlier, and have hung back and avoided them. But as it was, she was taken by surprise, and the conscious blush that crimsoned her face caught my lord's eye.

'Gad, the girl's a beauty,' he thought, 'of a sort.' Aloud, 'Hallo, Miss South!' he cried. 'Were you hunting for the truant? If she plagues you,' he continued, ruffling Ann's black mane with his hand, 'half as much as she plagues me, I am sorry for you! How do you manage her? Hope you whip her well!'

'No, she don't!' said Ann stolidly.

'Well how the deuce does she manage you, Miss Brimstone?'

'I like her,' Ann said dispassionately.

'The devil you do! How's that, Miss South? Why, I thought

this rogue made war on all governesses, tutors, principalities and powers! Can she be good?'

'She can be,' Rachel said demurely. The by-play had given time for her hot cheeks to cool, and she spoke calmly, though her eyes were unusually bright.

'Can she? Then let's test you, Ann. Run on and tell Felix to make me a hot bath. Show us how fast those thin legs of yours can run.'

Ann, glad to be in motion, flew after the rest of the party, the rearmost of whom were still in sight. My lord turned to his companion. 'Gad,' he said, with his gay captivating laugh, 'we go down before your charms like ninepins! I this morning, Ann this afternoon! Come now,' with a sly peep under her bonnet, 'who is to be your next conquest?'

He meant nothing, but he could no more refrain from making love when he spoke to a pretty woman than he could help breathing; though in nine cases out of ten it was mere sport. And in this case it was certainly innocent, for with all his faults he would have drawn the line at his daughter's governess almost as sharply as Captain George himself. But when a piquant little thing with shining eyes and lips that trembled into smiles met him at the junction of two paths, to waste the opportunity would have been as impossible for Frederick Lord Ellingham as to refrain from oysters in September.

He might have paid a much broader compliment without affecting Rachel in her present mood. 'I fear that Lady Ann is but a temporary capture,' she said sedately.

'Well, she's a deuced difficult one! More difficult, I warrant, than most of us, eh? Confess, now. Isn't she?' Then in a lower tone, 'I say, are you coming down this evening?'

'To the drawing-room, Lord Ellingham?'

'To be sure.'

'No,' Rachel explained. 'I come down only when Lady Ellingham is alone.'

'Oh, come now, that is too bad,' he protested good-naturedly. 'And tell me—between you and me, ain't you confoundedly dull up there, wasting your—you know the rest?'

'No,' Rachel replied, with such a look of conscious happiness that my lord having no clue to it felt his interest in her increase. 'I am happier in the schoolroom than in the drawing-room.'

'The devil you are! Well, begad, that's one for us!'

'Oh!' Rachel cried. 'I didn't mean that!'

'But it is true! Begad, it is! I can see it is. But why now?' in his most insinuating tone. 'Ain't we nice to you?'

'Oh yes,' Rachel protested, colouring. 'Of course. But the schoolroom is my proper place. And so I am happier there.'

'In your proper place? I see. You are happier when you are there. By Jove,' he exclaimed with feeling, 'I wish we all were! But, lord, what a wise little lady you are! If you teach that to Ann she'll be a wiser man,' with a momentary gravity in his tone, 'than her father. Suppose I come up and take a lesson too, do you think you can teach me that? What do you say, Miss South?'

'That you would not be in your proper place,' Rachel replied demurely, but with a smile hovering on her lips. 'And that would not be good for you or for Ann.' Then, 'Good day, Lord Ellingham; I turn off here.' And with a gay little nod—for her heart was like a singing bird, rising higher and higher on the swell of the incredible happiness that flooded her—she turned away to the side door and went up to the schoolroom.

There the fire burned low, glowing like a sulky eye in the twilight, and the room was cold. But what matter? What matter if all was dull and shabby within, and without were winter and east winds and nipping airs? For she brought her own clime with her, and to that room which she had left wretched and despondent she returned in all the glow of an amazing, an overpowering happiness. In the gloom she saw only halcyon days: days of tender reverie and thankful contemplation, days given up to reverencing and cherishing and turning every way the glorious heaven-born gift of his love! The gift that had transfigured and was transfiguring the world for her, that was brightening the long vista of life with fairest flowers and filling the sunlit spaces with nature's melody! What outer cold was there, what nipping air, that could reach this inner warmth? What loneliness was there that was not welcome—ay, thrice welcome if it left her free to bask in the sunshine of her dreams?

Meanwhile my lord strode into the house, half-puzzled and half-amused. 'What a provoking, prudent little baggage it is!' he thought. 'And eyes like stars! I'm hanged if I don't think that she was laughing at me half the time! Or preaching! In my proper place, eh? Well, she had me there!' And the smile vanished and his face was moody as he entered the hall.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ROASTING OF GEORGE.

THE girl had given hardly a thought to the encounter with my lord and less to his gallantry. But more than one of the shooters had looked back, and recognising her had found something to say about it. Then Ann in her rapid flight had been waylaid by her uncle. She had explained her errand and he too had looked back and frowned. The way in which he had been overruled that morning had not pleased him, and he was jealous, as he was ever jealous on my lady's account. And possibly there were other grounds for his vexation which he did not understand, and certainly did not own. At any rate, when my lord strode into the hall the Captain met him with a sombre face. 'For God's sake, Fred,' he blurted out, 'let that little girl alone. There is trouble enough without that!'

Now these two, between whom there was an affection rare in their class, had long ago changed places. Success had made the younger independent, for in his day fortunes were rapidly made at sea; and hard service and the habit of command had won for him the elder's respect. He had become the mentor, and as a rule was heard with patience, if with small result. But no man more warmly resents a false accusation than he who is guilty on other counts; and my lord was no exception to the rule. He fired up. 'Without what?' he replied sharply. 'Confound you, what do you mean, George? Mayn't I speak to my own governess? Damme, man, what are we coming to?'

'She's not your governess,' George replied. 'She's Ann's. And all I say is, just leave her alone. You know what I mean very well.'

'Begad, I'll tell you what it is!' my lord retorted. 'I believe you are taken with her yourself, Master George!' And the idea in a moment restored his good temper. 'I suspect I've crossed your hawse,' he added, grinning, 'as you'd say, and so it's "Hands off!" That's it, old chap!'

'Oh, stow that,' the Captain rejoined. 'You only say it for the sake of saying something.'

'It's a hit, anyway!' my lord replied with glee. 'Hang me if it isn't. Now mind you respect her virtue, George! Remember she's under my charge. I'm responsible and—ha! ha! Hit between wind and water! Off, are you?' He laughed aloud as the Captain, with an angry oath, turned away and strode up the

stairs. 'Poor George,' he reflected mischievously. 'I beat him there, I guess!'

And after dinner when the matter came up again, and my lord found himself the object of attack, he smiled at the others' innuendoes, and craftily waited his time. 'So that was why you lagged behind?' Bobbie said. 'Ann, indeed, you old sinner!'

'A silly rogue that plagues me,' quoted the Colonel. 'A little French—governess! And having some character to lose she met me in the wood!'

'And only two nights ago Fred pretended that he had never seen her!'

'True, 'pon honour,' my lord laughed.

'Poor girl!' quoted the Colonel gravely—he was an amateur actor of some note. 'I really am in the utmost concern for her.'

'For us, for us, you mean,' returned Lord Robert. 'Inhospitable dog! Fred asks us here and leaves us only the chambermaids.'

'Out of regard for your innocence,' my lord laughed. 'You are too young, Bobbie.'

'And after all,' said Sir Austin Froyle, with the air of one deciding a question on the Bench, 'a man has a right to the game in his own warren.'

My lord laughed. 'Oh, it's a free warren for me. You can all go in and win—if you can. You, George, if you like,' pointedly. 'She's a dear little innocent for me.'

'Ay, innocent as Bobbie,' the Colonel contributed. 'I warrant she knows how to turn the key in a door.'

'They are all dear little innocents,' lisped Bobbie. 'Only just a little less innocent when they have walked home with Fred.'

But the Captain, though he suspected that Fred was laying a trap for him, could stand it no longer. 'Oh, let the child alone!' he said with irritation. 'You are all talking d—d nonsense! A set of stap-my-vitals Lord Foppingtons, every mother's son of you.'

'Hallo, George!' Lord Robert stared, genuinely surprised by the attack. 'What the devil's bitten you?'

'As for Fred,' the Captain continued, 'he's a pig to carry on as he does. He knows the girl is a good girl.'

'They are all good girls,' smiled the Colonel. 'Didn't I say so?'

'Yes, but you didn't mean it, Ould. I'll wager that Fred never laid a finger on her and never got more than a civil word from her!'

'True as my glove, George,' my lord assented, delighted at his success in 'drawing the badger.'

But the Colonel had now caught the idea, and pursued it. 'Joseph—I mean George—is indeed what a man should be,' he said solemnly—'a pattern to his brother Fred. He professes the noblest sentiments, 'tis edification to hear him. But he makes me suspect if he be indeed the man of principle he seems to be. Fred Surface? Nay, my dear Lady Sneerwell, but his brother George is the man. Now, after what we have heard, I'm open to wager that George knows a deal more about the little French governess than Fred does—and damn his sentiments!'

My lord clapped his hands. 'Well, George, what do you say?' he cried. 'Begad,' to Ould, 'I think you have tailed him.' And the Captain certainly looked a little out of countenance. 'I'm hanged if he hasn't stolen a march upon us, the sly dog!'

George answered him sulkily. 'All I say is, let the girl alone,' he said. 'Let her be. If you do her no more harm than I have, she'll be lucky. But,' viciously, 'you are just a crew of wasters, good for nothing but tumbling over one another in pursuit of mischief! As if there weren't enough women where you come from, and good enough for you!'

Colonel Ould laughed softly. 'Odd!' he said. 'It's confounded odd what a change has come over George's service since Lady Hamilton joined it. They used to be rough sea-dogs, smelling of the tar-bucket and, saving your presence, George, with uncouth manners and coats to match—you might know one at sight as far as from Schomberg House to the Carlton Corner—and as much given to flirtation as a bear in a pit! But since Lord Nelson set the fashion of gallantry——'

'Oh!' the Captain cried impatiently, 'for God's sake, leave Lord Nelson out!'

'There!' The Colonel winked. 'He proves my point. You mustn't touch Lord Nelson. Why?'

'I could soon tell you why!' growled the badger.

'No need! No need!' airily. The Colonel was not over-fond of Fred's brother and had no mind to lose the opportunity of roasting him. 'It's writ large all over the service. He's done the trick for them! He's made them all men of fashion, lifted 'em to the plane of elegance, made 'em all lady-killers! They all aspire to a Lady Hamilton now, buy their coats at Stultz's, go soaked in *mille-fleurs*, handle a snuff-box instead of a tar-bucket, and chase the ladies! So here's to Lord Nelson!'

'It's "here's to Lord Nelson" for a very different reason,' snapped the Captain, amid the general laughter.

'He's an admiral like another,' said old Froyle.

But this was too much for George. 'Oh, is he, begad?' he retorted. 'Like another! I know that is what you fools of landmen think, fribbling over your dish of catlap! But I wager you he's not like another! He's——'

'He's made you all gentlemen,' sneered Ould, 'present company of course excepted,' with an ironical bow.

'He's made us all fighters!' the Captain continued, too much in earnest to notice the gibe. 'He has taught us all to go in to win instead of counting heads and thinking only of coming out with just the best of it! He's taught us to sink, burn, and destroy, yard-arm to yard-arm, instead of standing off and playing at long bowls! Fashion be d—d! He's gone back to old Hawke and made Quiberon the fashion, that's what he has done! There will be no more First of Junes and no more Hothams, thank God! Fashion? Didn't the Nile set a fashion, and set such a fashion as was never known before! Was ever such a victory dreamed of—twelve ships taken out of fourteen—till he won it?'

'Bravo, George!' laughed my lord. 'You've mouthed it finely. I did not know that you had it in you, begad!'

"At the battle of the Nile, I was there all the while.
I was there all the while at the battle of the Nile,"

hummed the Colonel, slily. He had not failed to note the Captain's little weakness.

'But Duncan?' argued Lord Robert. He was still young and capable of catching the spark. 'Surely Duncan——'

'Oh, Duncan? A sound man,' the Captain grunted, a little ashamed of his outburst. 'But Nelson taught him the trick at St. Vincent.'

'And you may take it from me,' said the Colonel, sticking to his point because he saw that it annoyed the Captain. 'He taught them the other lesson too—to be heroes of the clouded cane as well as of the spontoon, and to bear down on the donnas as stoutly as on the dons! Fred, my boy, you must look to your laurels, and to your governess, or he'll cut you out under your nose! What are you going to do about it?'

'Go to the ladies!' my lord replied, laughing. 'Come, break up, break up! Or we shall be in disgrace again this evening! Someone shake the parson there!'

Lord Robert clapped the Captain on the shoulder as they rose.

'Come, Admiral,' he said. 'Let's see you board the little craft! And if you don't make a leg conformably, hang me if I don't enter for the filly stakes myself and cut you out!'

The Captain's strength did not lie in repartee. 'Confounded ass you are, Bobbie!' he said.

'And off the course too, Bobbie,' said my lord. 'The young lady won't be there.'

'Oh, you know, do you, you sly dog! You are in her confidence. Then, gad, let's have her down.'

'Yes,' said Sir Austin, whose powdered head simulated a wisdom that he did not possess. 'Why not? It seems a promising proposal.'

'Then suppose you put it to her ladyship,' my lord said drily, 'and see what she says.'

'Oh!' Sir Austin answered, a little checked. 'Well, if you put it that way I don't know that I quite——'

'Nor I,' said my lord, more drily.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DISCLOSURE.

It has been hinted that the tutor was not the only person who had overlooked from a window the scene of that morning. Lady Ellingham had witnessed it, and wondered and frowned. What did it mean, she asked herself, and what was the girl doing out there, bareheaded, thrusting herself among the shooters when her place was in the schoolroom? It was unbecoming at the best, and my lady meditated a word in season that, without too much mortifying the young lady, would set her in her place.

But when my lord joined the group and the debate, whatever its purport, seemed to be left to those two, my lady's face set in harder lines. She saw, and she thought that she understood. Too well she knew, alas, only too well she remembered his power of fascination, his attitude when he was set on conquest, the turn of his head, the tones of his voice, its appeal, its underlying fun! And only too well she knew the charm that he could throw over a simple girl, for had she not herself succumbed to it—to be happy for a time and miserable, silently and proudly miserable, for three years past! And he was the same still, she thought bitterly; ever the same,

seeking ever a new distraction, unable to resist a new face, and falling himself a willing victim to the first woman who wooed him !

‘But not in my house !’ she thought with passion, and unconsciously she pressed her nails into the palms of her hands. ‘That I will not suffer ! If she is to be the next, she shall go ! She shall go, whatever the cost ! He may follow her if he pleases, but it shall not be under my roof !’

And in a moment she was hot with a jealousy the strength of which she did not herself suspect. She watched and she lost nothing of that which passed. She noted the Captain’s indignant departure, the shrug with which Charlotte Froyle turned away, the Colonel’s summons that dragged my lord at last and reluctantly from the governess’s side. ‘Always the same !’ she whispered, pacing her room, when they were gone. ‘Always the same ! As light to love as to leave ! Why—why was I born to love him still ?’

But when that afternoon she was so unfortunate as to witness the return of the two—in company again, and smiling and talking, and apparently on the most easy terms—what could she think ? What but the worst ? The dog with a bad name is hanged on slight evidence, and here, to a jealous eye, was proof and to spare. The fever in my lady’s breast flamed up, but moved as she was she was not one to act in haste. She had so long practised self-restraint, she had so firmly settled it with herself that her only armour against contempt lay in silence, that she still hesitated. Though she suffered she hid her feelings and kept on her mask ; and, slyly attacked by Charlotte Froyle, as they sat over their work, she foiled her friend with the old weapons.

‘The governess ?’ she repeated, and languidly held up her plain-stitch to the light. ‘Who recommended her, did you ask, Charlotte ?’

But she a little overdid her negligence ; and ‘I suppose,’ Charlotte replied, ‘you did not engage her without a recommendation ?’

‘Without a recommendation ? Oh dear no. Of course not. Old Lady Elisabeth engaged her for me.’

‘Ah ! Did she ?’ Charlotte in her turn bent over her tambour frame. ‘Don’t you think, my dear, that the young woman is a little forward ?’

‘I haven’t noticed it. I hope not. Ann gets on with her better than I expected. And Ann,’ with a sigh, ‘is difficult, you know. What made you think that, my dear ?’

‘Oh, I don’t know. But the men’—Miss Charlotte was too

wary to press directly on the sore point—'seemed to be making a good deal of her this morning. I confess, I thought her something of a minx, Kitty.'

'I should be sorry to think that,' my lady answered judiciously. 'She's young, of course.'

Now Charlotte, though a very handsome girl, was not quite so young as she had been, and her voice had a rasp in it when she replied: 'Yes. But don't you think it is unwise to make much of young persons in that class? Their heads are so easily turned!'

My lady agreed, and added, 'One has to be careful for their sake.'

Charlotte bent over her frame and shot her last bolt. 'I saw her coming in this afternoon,' she said.

But Lady Ellingham was on guard. 'Was she out? I hope that she came in in good time,' she replied. And then her ladyship's maid came in and said that it was time to dress, and the subject dropped.

But insensible to the pricks of Miss Charlotte's darts as the Countess seemed, they stung and rankled, though, schooled by her haughty spirit and long use, she betrayed nothing. At all times she moved among her company, among them but not of them, and with something of the stately dignity of a Handel minuet; at all times she lived a little aloof, accepting their homage—and with the exception of Ould they were shy of her—with a coldness that she did not deign to mask. And they, deeming her ice, a woman without passion, shrank from a siege to which in the case of another woman in her position they might have been tempted.

But under the lace that veiled her white bosom the fire burned. To suspicions once kindled—and God knows she had had in the past only too much reason to suspect—all is fuel; and she watched and waited, even Ould, who believed in no woman's virtue and observed her curiously, having no clue to her thoughts. And one evening, a week later, having shepherded Charlotte from the table a little earlier than usual, she fancied that her hour was come. She heard as she sat, seemingly absorbed in the third volume of her novel, a light step cross the hall. The servants had retired to their supper—it could not be one of them; on the other hand, she had not heard the door of the dining-room open, and for a moment, for some moments, she repelled the suspicion. But it returned and tormented her. The tread had been light, it had seemed to her to be stealthy; and after resisting the temptation for some minutes,

during which she heard no returning step, she yawned and threw down her book.

'Oh dear!' she said. 'Was that Ann?' She rose to her feet.

Charlotte did not look up. 'I heard nothing,' she said.

'I think I'll see. She's a dreadful monkey, and if she runs about barefoot she'll get this dreadful influenza. I think I will see.'

She moved slowly down the room, and seemed to be undecided whether to go or stay. At last she appeared to make up her mind, she opened the door and went out. But in the hall, with no eyes upon her, she became a different woman. She stood, listening, her every sense on the alert, her face hard. A moment and a faint stir far above—on the second floor she judged—reached her ear. Still she hesitated, her jealousy and her pride at odds. Unfaithful he was—she knew it and all the world knew it, and every day she had to confront that knowledge with an impassive face. But under her roof, with one of her household, stealing out while his guests covered his absence and smiled at his dupe? That were too much to bear! To submit to that was impossible; and the struggle ended in pride making common cause with jealousy and anger reinforcing both. She crossed the hall and with a light step she went up the wide shallow stairs. She loathed that which she was doing, and still more that which she was going to do. But what choice had she if she were not to connive at this horror? If she would put an end to it, if she would show him that there was a limit to the things that she would suffer, this was her chance.

The staircase lay partly in shadow, but on each landing there was a lamp. Her slippered feet, as she ascended, made no sound, and the faint stir which she had heard above had ceased. But something had replaced it that was infinitely more disturbing, more convincing—the murmur of whispering voices, and once a low, half-stifled laugh. Ah, but that stung her, that smarted, and if she had hesitated before, if with each stair she had mounted more slowly, she hesitated no longer. The servants were shut away in their own quarters, and save for an occasional outburst of laughter from the dining-room the house was as still as the grave—until she was half way up the higher flight, between the first and second floors. Then, when no more than half a dozen stairs still hid the truth from her, she stumbled over her skirt and though she recovered herself she made sufficient noise to give the alarm. And the alarm was taken and taken on the instant. She heard a scuffle, a hurried tread crossed the landing, a door squeaked. And

quickly as she sprang up the last stairs she was only in time to see the baize door swing to.

He was gone! But the girl was there. She had risen from the settee that stood on the landing, and cowered, apparently arrested in the act of flight, her panic-stricken face turned towards the staircase and the intruder. A lamp stood on a bracket not far off, and if ever light fell on conscious guilt the Countess was convinced that it fell on it now, as it lit up that startled face.

For a moment Lady Ellingham surveyed her victim with scathing eyes. Then, 'You wicked, abominable girl!' she said, in a voice low, but quivering with abhorrence. 'In my own house! You!' And moving to the lamp she raised it and pitilessly threw its light upon the shrinking girl. 'You dare! You! In my house!'

There are situations in which innocence or what a moment ago and before the light fell on it, passed for innocence, suffers all the pains of guilt; and Rachel startled both by the desertion of her lover and the shock of detection, endured almost as much as if she had been the guilty thing that the Countess deemed her. Her conscience was not clear; and surprised in this clandestine meeting and dazzled by the light she fancied for a moment that she deserved Lady Ellingham's words. She winced under the elder woman's scorn and did for an instant look the thing she passed for.

'You abandoned creature!' the Countess said, and her words cut not the less deeply because she kept her voice low.

But this Rachel found too much. Her senses were returning, and she knew that she had not deserved this. She revolted. 'Oh, but I am not that!' she quavered. 'How—how dare you say it?'

'How dare you be it?' the other retorted with burning eyes.

The Countess's passion indeed was such that it almost overpowered Rachel anew, and the girl clasped her hands in appeal.

'Oh but indeed, indeed I am not,' she protested. 'You have no right to say it! No right! I did but——'

'You met him here! Do not lie, wretched girl! You have been with him! You met him here—alone and secretly. He left you but this moment. I heard him go!'

'Yes, but—oh but you must hear me!' Rachel insisted, distraught. 'You must hear me! It is true we met—here. There was nowhere else that we could meet. It was wrong perhaps, but don't, in distress, don't look at me like that, Lady Ellingham. I have done nothing to deserve such looks. And if I could tell you all, if I could explain——'

But in face of that which seemed to her so shameless an avowal the Countess could not contain herself ; and unfortunately Rachel in the agony of her pleading laid a hand on her sleeve as if to compel her to listen. ' Tell me ? Explain ? ' my Lady cried, and with a gesture of loathing she plucked her dress from the pollution of the other's touch. ' You—you would dare to tell me why you met him—here, alone, by stealth ? Why, girl, have you no shame left at your age ? No modesty ? That you dare to say to my face that you—oh ! ' she broke off with an exclamation of impotent contempt, ' that men should be fools enough to be caught by the white face of such a little wanton as you ! '

Rachel flinched as if she had been struck. The word pricked her to the quick, but it also spurred her to action, it stung her to defend herself at all costs. She must protect herself—he could not wish her, branded with that name, to be silent ! And quivering with indignation, ' You insult me, Lady Ellingham, grossly, wickedly ! ' she cried, in a tone that the other had not yet heard. ' And I claim a hearing. I will be heard. I have done nothing, nothing to deserve such a word ! No, ma'am, nothing ! It is true, quite true that I met Mr. Girardot here and——'

' Mr. Girardot ? '

' Clandestinely, I admit it, and I was wrong ! But we had no other place to meet—I would not receive him in the schoolroom—and we are betrothed. He did not wish it to be known yet, but after what you have said I am sure that he would wish me to—to speak. He has asked me to be his wife.'

Lady Ellingham stared. ' Impossible ! ' she exclaimed. But she set the lamp back in the place from which she had taken it, and her tone, her face, her manner, all were altered. ' Impossible ! Mr. Girardot ? ' She looked hungrily at the girl. She devoured her face with her eyes.

' No,' Rachel said firmly. ' It is not impossible. It is so.'

' And he was with you—here ? Now ? Mr. Girardot ? '

' You heard him go,' Rachel answered. But she winced, for how could she explain even to herself his desertion of her ? And the flight that left her to face the trouble ?

' You tell me solemnly,' the Countess persisted, ' that it was Mr. Girardot that I heard go from you ? '

' Lady Ellingham,' Rachel protested, trembling with indignation, ' why do you doubt me ? Why should I lie ? I have told you the truth.'

The Countess covered her eyes with her hand. She tried to think. She had not betrayed herself? No, she had been stopped in time. And that was something! Thank God for that. But what was it that she had said to the girl? How far had she gone? So far that she must go farther. She could only set herself right by telling the girl the truth, and indeed she must tell her—she owed it to her to tell her. 'Mr. Girardot is to marry you?' she said, looking again at Rachel, and this time with pity in her eyes. 'Did I hear that aright?'

'You did,' Rachel said with dignity. 'Though I fear that I shall have displeased him by avowing it. It was his wish that our engagement should be private—for a time.'

'Why?'

'For certain reasons, Lady Ellingham.'

'What were they, if you please?'

'He thought that you might not like it,' Rachel confessed, losing a little of her dignity.

'For no other reason that he gave you?'

'No.'

'Then I can tell you one,' Lady Ellingham said firmly, 'that he did not tell you. And one more to the point. If you are sure,' with a penetrating look at the girl's face, 'that you do not know it? Are you sure that you do not know it?'

'I do not,' Rachel tried to speak with confidence, but there was a shade of hesitation, even of pity in the Countess's manner, and her heart misgave her. 'Unless, indeed,' she allowed in a lower voice, 'he wished it to be our secret—between us.'

'I fear he did wish that,' Lady Ellingham said, 'but it was not his true motive. Miss South, he is deceiving you,' she continued very gravely. 'I too undertook to keep a secret for him, but I hold myself released by his conduct. Mr. Girardot may have promised to marry you, but he cannot do so.'

Rachel recoiled and the colour left her face. 'Why?' she exclaimed.

'Because he is married already. He is a married man and his wife is alive.'

'Oh, no, no! No! No!' Rachel cried, raising her voice and repeating the denial as if her disbelief would keep the thing at bay. 'No! No!' she cried again. But she was white to the lips. 'Do not say it! You are deceiving me!'

The Countess regarded her sombrely. 'No, I am not deceiving

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you,' she said. 'He is not a good man and it is he who has deceived you.'

'Married?' She stared with terrified eyes at the elder woman.

'I know that he is married. I have it from his own mouth. He was married before he came to us. And his wife is still alive.'

The Countess fully expected that the girl would swoon or would burst into passionate sobbing. But Rachel did neither. She sank upon the seat which she had so lately shared with him and stooping forward with her face hidden in her hands, she swayed herself to and fro. Once, twice a violent shudder convulsed her body and betrayed the storm that raged within.

The Countess looked at her with compassion and for a moment she hesitated. Then, 'He is not a good man,' she went on, in a low voice, 'if indeed there be any good men. And you, girl, be thankful, oh, be thankful that you have learned the truth in time, and not, as others have learned it, too late! Be thankful that by God's mercy I heard his step and followed him and found you. You have not loved him. You have loved like many another 'the creation of your own fancy.' From the reality, could you have seen him in his true colours, you would have turned with horror. You have—you have but made the mistake that all women make. But you are warned in time, you are spared the fate he had prepared for you—and how many are not spared! Oh, girl, whip up your pride! Think, think not of that to which you looked forward, but of that which he meant for you! Of that which you have escaped! And for the future trust no man; remember, remember always,' she repeated with growing feeling, 'that there is no man who will not deceive you, who does not think you his prey, who when he has got from you what he wants will not trick you, scorn you, flout you with cold courtesy, dishonour you with a smiling face—ay, even though you bear his name, though the world call you wife and outwardly he keep faith with you! Trust him not, trust him not,' the Countess continued wildly—and had Rachel looked up she would have seen that the proud handsome face was distorted by passion, 'he will make you his plaything for a year and his scorn for life! Wife or mistress, lorette or lady, there is but one fate for us! To be used while it is their pleasure and cast off when it is their will!'

Rachel rose, swaying on her feet. She kept her white stricken face turned away. 'May I go?' she whispered with a convulsive shiver. She could bear no more.

My lady's thoughts had left her, but they returned. She looked at her pitifully. 'Yes, poor child, go,' she said. 'Go! Yet, think—think for your comfort how it would have been with you had you learned the truth too late! And, thank God, girl, thank Him on your knees that you have been spared.'

Rachel tried to say something, but her parched throat refused to let the words pass. She had only one wish, one thought—to be alone, to hide herself with her misery. Blindly she groped her way to the swing-door, fumbled for the handle, and found it. With a dull sound the door fell to behind her.

'He will guess that I have told her,' the Countess thought. 'For her, God help her, poor girl!' She looked after her with deeper feeling than any of her friends would have placed to her credit. She stood for a time, staring at the lamp and passing her handkerchief over her lips. Then she went slowly back to the drawing-room.

Charlotte looked up from her work. 'What a long time you have been,' she said.

'Yes, I was detained.'

'There was nothing the matter, I hope?'

'No,' my lady said negligently, 'as it turned out, nothing. But it was well that I went up. Have you finished the spray of roses?'

(To be continued.)

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*A SON OF ENGLAND: THE LATE LORD
WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.*

BY DESMOND CHAPMAN-HUSTON.

I.

THE theory has been advanced that, consciously or unconsciously, most men are born with an inherent sympathy for and understanding of some bygone period. If this be so the late Lord Willoughby de Broke was a combination of the Renaissance and the eighteenth century: thereabouts was his spiritual home. Whether or not this theory be strictly true does not perhaps very much matter. At any rate we all have, and known many others who have, a special affinity for an historical period; indeed it may be said that no author can write with supreme effect about an epoch with which he is out of sympathy: possibly most of us have a special affection for more eras than one. If Willoughby was in many ways typical of the eighteenth century he has also in a very real sense Elizabethan. His very names, Richard Greville Verney, are Elizabethan and proclaimed him of the truest English breed.

There was a certain audacity and gallantry about him; he was debonair and had the manner of one who would be equally at home on the deck of a little hundred-ton merchant adventurer seeking uncharted lands or, at court, spreading his silken coat for Queens to tread on. He could have held his own with Raleigh, fooled Queen Bess to the top of her bent and left that subtle female uncertain whether he was making love to or laughing at her. He would have cracked jokes and argued about the turn of a dramatic scene with Shakespeare or have drunk sack and told racy stories with Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet in Eastcheap: nothing true to life ever came to him amiss; and always he would have stood ready first and last to serve England. Under George III he would have flashed a ruffle with the dandies, laughed at Lord North, been a friend of the younger Pitt, and, in expansive moments, have quietly toasted the 'King across the Water.'

Then getting to the man's inmost heart, he was a great lover and a great comrade. His devotion to his Warwickshire home, to his family and to his friends, was unending and unchanging. He had the rare gift of tenderness and not very long before his death said 'What success can any man have in life who fails to make people love him?' It was a failure Willoughby never knew.

Mankind, with a natural weakness for generalisations, is fond of speaking of certain fellow-men as typical, and the instinct is on the whole sound. If one were required by the Scottish and Welsh who exploit the English, the Irish who misunderstand them, the foreigner who caricatures them, and the Colonial who faintly dislikes them, to produce for examination a characteristic Englishman of the best type, no better specimen could have been found than the nineteenth Lord Willoughby de Broke.

A typical example must represent the mean, the norm at its best, and I venture to think that at all points he would have come up to expectations. Because, the odd thing is that although, in general, all these people have a habit of ignoring, discounting, even belittling the Englishman as such, when he is produced to them as an individual they expect him to be something not far from perfection!

It may be that his dearest friends saw in Willoughby something as near perfection as is good for wayfaring men to see; yet, as we all live and grow by admiration, they saw truly, and as for his faults, since all must have some, they were such as we would have in an Englishman and (in the good old English way) let us speak of them first—or of such as can be remembered. He would have it so, because he always realised how endearing imperfections can be and, of Warwickshire stock for many generations and a lover of mankind and of Shakespeare, he would have said:

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.

It has been truly said of him that he never made a good bargain in his life, nor, to his credit, did he; never caring overmuch if the other fellow had the advantage. This is only to say that, in spite of Napoleon, although your average Englishman, he was in no sense of the word a shopkeeper. It may be that he trusted men too easily, but that is a fault of the great-hearted and always will be. Then he was downright; uncompromising where he was convinced a thing was wrong; careless of the opinion of the world; a lover of life; one who considered living of more importance than getting on; a die-hard where his principles were concerned and—one can think of nothing else. A certain hastiness of temper at times possibly; but no unkindness; no resentment. And looking at what has been written one wonders are these really faults? Because if they are it may well be that where he has now gone the All-Understanding One may, as like as not, look upon them as virtues.

Willoughby looked an Englishman; an English gentleman such

as Fielding, Smollett or Thackeray might have drawn; one that Beckford or Surtees would have loved; one such as Meredith might well have been proud to create. He was born neither too high nor too low. His rank left him free to be the equal of all and he was as much a *persona gratissima* with the gamekeeper and the ploughboy as he was with the great. It was his happiest gift that men of all classes instinctively welcomed him as one of themselves.

Then he wore his clothes with a difference: they were not deliberately cut on eighteenth-century models, but they gave you an impression of the ease, the elegance, the distinction of that age. They were too individual to be what is called period, yet because of the artist in him and by reason of his natural affinities, he instinctively was of the eighteenth century at its best.

In the sense that Lord Hugh Cecil is Mediaeval; Mr. Chesterton, Renaissance; Mr. Wells, Rococo; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Victorian; and Lord Lonsdale, Edwardian; Lord Willoughby de Broke was late Georgian. He had the extraordinary mixture of courtliness and freedom, of orderliness and spaciousness, of love of sport, of art, of life, of England, so characteristic of the Georgian period at its best. He had its humour, its love of laughter, its deference, its whole-hearted contempt for sentimentalism in public life, its keen sense of romance and of reality. In the eighteenth century they knew that romance is only reality reversed. Willoughby would have got on famously with Dr. Johnson and applauded when the Doctor agreed with Mr. Boswell that, 'there must be a high satisfaction in being a feudal lord.'

By one of those ironies not uncommon in England he was known to the man in the street in his least characteristic aspect—that of a political die-hard. This tribute to his memory is not concerned with his political activities. It is true that he flung himself from 1910 onwards into what is known as the Die-hard campaign with his unflinching vigour, enthusiasm and energy, but that was largely because he felt it to be his duty to set an example. Although in the House of Commons for some years—also largely as a matter of duty—he was never by instinct a mere Party man nor did he care for Party rewards. Had he done so he could have had anything in reason he desired. In 1910 he threw himself into politics whole-heartedly (as he did everything) because he saw what he believed to be an attack on something fundamental, something inviolable in English life. Continuity; security; the soil and those who lived by and for it were attacked, and he led the defence because, as he saw it, the natural leaders were supine or, at best, half-hearted.

When all is said the movement was only a passing one; Willoughby's connection with it was recent and so public that it misled all who wrote his obituary notices into attaching to it undue significance. Those who best knew and loved the man realised, as indeed is proved by 'The Passing Years,' that he meant something more pregnant and enduring in English life than the mere leader, however daring, of a Party movement.

What he stood for is rooted in the heart of England and long after the Party politics of the period have been forgotten men will turn to his book to see reflected there the self-made portrait of a true, magnanimous English gentleman, and to find out what England was really like during the sixty years that preceded the European War.

Happily the England for which he stood, still stands: sane, ordered, progressive, unemotional; hastening slowly with the large outlook of a Governing people who have world-wide claims that cannot hastily be satisfied; with a past deep-rooted in history, not to be swayed by every political wind that blows.

Willoughby was of the soil, sprang from the soil, loved and served the soil as only a certain type of Englishman can. In the soil, and all that directly and indirectly emerges from it of English literature, he found his sustenance and strength. It was his bursting love of England and of country life that eventually forced him to find expression not only in reading, but in writing. He came through life to literature, which is surely the right way. But we must roughly trace the thing as it happened.

Of an ancient Warwickshire family he was the third of his line to hold the Mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds, and Warwickshire is not only the largest but it is one of the most important hunting counties in the kingdom. He loved Compton Verney, that stately yet homelike Georgian English house which Adam completed and decorated and which, placed in a great park in the very centre of England, was Willoughby's ideal background. He was a good farmer, a wonderful judge of a horse, a hound or a human being, and could drive a four-in-hand as well as King Edward VII. himself.

He gradually discovered that all these things meant so much to him that he wanted to find them given permanent form and expression; then came the further discovery that Surtees, Egerton-Warburton, Whyte-Melville, Bromley Davenport, *Nimrod* and Anthony Trollope and a score of others had felt and loved just these things, and that in great literature he could find immortality given to all the delights of the field, the saddle and the chase. Eventually in October, 1921, he garnered these joys into that delightful anthology of prose and verse, 'The Sport of Our Ancestors.'

Although he had at various times written articles for the Reviews, mostly of a political nature, it was not until 1919 that he was induced seriously to consider authorship.

The writer was staying at Compton Verney in April of that year when Willoughby showed him some typewritten notes on fox-hunting. They were so well done and so manifestly valuable that their expansion into a book was immediately urged. Willoughby demurred; said they were not exhaustive enough; that he had never written a book and doubted his ability to do so. It was impossible to take any denial. His diffidence and doubts were resolved with some difficulty because, although he would give place to few where he knew himself master of his business, he had a high sense of the dignity and greatness of literature at which he considered himself but an amateur.

The assurance that a publisher would be at once found for him and the promise of the honour of an introduction to the son of George Meredith clinched the matter. He finished a few chapters and took them to William Meredith with whom I had arranged a meeting. They were delighted with each other, and Meredith with the manuscript. It was duly completed and 'Hunting the Fox' was born. It is a little classic of fox-hunting in a department of literature where the standard is extremely high and the ability to compete very rare.

The success of the book led to invitations to contribute introductions to sumptuously illustrated editions of Smith's 'Life of a Fox' and 'Diary of a Huntsman.'

Eventually the idea of writing a book of Reminiscences grew and strengthened. It took definite shape in 1922. He read some of the earlier chapters to me and we often discussed a title for it, but none had been actually settled when he died.

In the autumn of 1923 he became obsessed with the idea of finishing the book. He was far from well and his friends urged him to take it easy. But he could not. It was as if some inward force impelled him to push on with the completion of his work. He would go down to Warwickshire for a day's hunting, return late very tired, and write far into the night. Neither he nor anyone else realised the fact that it was a race with death. Death won. He left the book unfinished and one could wish that the manuscript had remained as it fell from his hand, supplemented only by the few touching, graceful words of Lady Willoughby in which she tells us how he had designed to end it.

Only he could have thought of such an ending and he was one of the very few who would have the right or the ability to sound

with fitness and sincerity such a trumpet call. He intended to appeal to all the new men who inhabit the old English homes to prove themselves worthy of an ideal and a trust which, by purchase, they have in some measure acquired. He wished to see them preserve all that was good and true in the old, and seize, foster and develop, all that is best in the new. He would have written with a feeling pen because circumstances compelled him to part with Compton Verney the ancient seat of his family. His one consolation was that he still owned land in Warwickshire and he proposed one day when times improved to build on it a new and modest country home.

II.

No one ever had a happier way with humble people or a surer method of capturing a popular audience than Willoughby. To do these things successfully requires a fine brain and a fine heart—that is, finely organised, sensitive. Few people ever realised how delicate were the brain and heart of this hard-riding fox-hunter, this aggressive leader of lost causes, this hard-hitting backwoods man. This was one of the tragedies which was realised only when too late.

In the autumn of 1910 he took part in a campaign in Lancashire organised by the local Conservative Party in support of National Service. He was announced with a great flourish of trumpets to appear in a notoriously Socialistic neighbourhood. They had never seen even a peer and rolled up to do so. The Party, with a characteristic lack of perception of opportunity, did not put a working-man in the Chair (it was a working-man's question) but an inept local big-wig of sorts with no platform voice or manner. Of course, he was didactic and long-winded, and in five minutes he had the audience in an uproar. Fully one-third of the hall was packed with militant Socialists, avowedly there to prevent the speaker being heard. The opposition was ably led by a vivid personality with ivory face, burning eyes, a red tie and bad teeth. Willoughby was perfectly serene, wore his customary amused, quizzical half-smile—and waited.

Presently he arose. His appearance was so impressive and the smile with which he stood there so winning that he immediately secured silence. 'I am,' he said, 'proud of three things. I am proud of being my father's son; I am proud of being an English peer and I am, above all, proud of being known as an English sportsman. Gentlemen, Lancashire men have a reputation second to none as sportsmen. As a sportsman to sportsmen I ask you for a fair hearing and I know that I shall get it.' He did. He held

them for fifty minutes and then sat down to a burst of Lancashire applause such as can only follow the tense silence with which a Lancashire audience listens to a man who can speak.

With the utmost good humour Willoughby answered many questions; the usual dull votes of thanks were proposed and seconded: indeed, only the British people could devise and cling to a procedure so perfectly calculated to kill the most effective speech and erase any impression made by one on an audience. Then spontaneously jumped up the Socialist leader, who had his pack well in hand. 'On behalf of myself and my friends I want to support that resolution. We don't know the lord and we don't like lords; but he made a fine speech and he can come back here any time he wants to and he'll get a fair hearing.'

A boyhood spent on terms of perfect equality amongst the gamekeepers, labourers and farmers of Warwickshire and a wide acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men did much to give Willoughby his appeal as a conversationalist and a speaker, but the real foundation was that he possessed the priceless gift of an understanding heart.

III.

One of Willoughby's somewhat surprising activities was the Theatre. Those who only knew him as a politician or a hard-bitten fox-hunter never realised the amplitude of his interests or the finesse and versatility of his mind. He was probably too versatile to have achieved high distinction in any one direction; but this, if it detracts from creative power, adds to delight, charm, comradeship, and all the manifold ways of life. From his early years he was a keen amateur actor and his talent and that of Lady Willoughby and their friends did much to enliven existence in rural Warwickshire. Nor was Willoughby content to appear always in popular successes. Frequently plays of poetic and literary merit were chosen, and the better the vehicle for his talent the more undoubted was its real quality.

In conversation he would often—in company where it would be understood—introduce similes or illustrations from the world of the theatre, as when at a dinner party at Gilbert Street, speaking of a measure which it was suggested the Unionist Party should sponsor, he said, 'the Bill is a good one, but for our Party to support it would not "look well from the front."' He had, as a man, a politician and a fox-hunter, a due appreciation of the fact that while all things are lawful, all things are not expedient.

He had undoubtedly a strong sense of the Theatre, and this,

while it may have mystified or even upset the sober-minded, was of immense service to him. He knew the value of being in the lime-light at the right moment, of creating a good atmosphere, and of occupying the centre of the stage. He also knew, in theatrical language, just how to 'get things over' the footlights, and it was another of the secrets of his success and charm as a conversationalist and public speaker. To the listener nothing is more irritating than the speaker of ability who does not quite come off; their matter is good but their manner devastating, and on the platform and in general society manner certainly maketh man. Such people always remind one of the lady who regularly received illegible letters from a distinguished relative and who as regularly remarked that 'she was quite sure they were beautiful letters—if only she could read them.'

Willoughby was frequently asked to preside at theatrical functions and accepted whenever he could.

In the summer of 1923 he presided at a public dinner organised by the O. P. Club in honour of Miss Pauline Lord and her great performance in that remarkable play 'Anna Christie.' From something he had heard he gathered that Miss Lord had not received the social recognition due to a distinguished American visitor. At once he and Lady Willoughby arranged a luncheon party in her honour. This greatly touched Miss Lord, and she told the writer that not only was it the first social attention of the kind she had received, but that only one leading English actress had paid her the compliment of calling on her. It would be pleasant, but perhaps not permissible, to record the name of the charming lady who did so. Miss Lord remarked that had an English actress made a similar success in New York her dressing-room would be packed with flowers and congratulations the next morning and she would be inundated with callers and invitations.

Willoughby had none of the aloofness with which the Englishman is usually charged and he hated the idea that an American lady should be neglected in London or a great piece of acting go unacclaimed.

His ownership of the St. Martin's Theatre was an unending source of interest. Both he and Lady Willoughby derived real pleasure and satisfaction from the task of choosing the fittings and decorations, and he was generous to a fault in placing his own box at the disposal of friends.

His interest in the Theatre was serious and his taste catholic. He was a keen first-nighter and had perhaps more often than he could afford interested himself financially in theatrical productions.

He had a high sense of the value of the player to the community and frequently went out of his way to express it to individual artists or to representative theatrical gatherings.

IV.

To capture the quality of a man's conversation is almost an impossibility, which is a great pity because nothing is more characteristic. Willoughby's talk was like himself—vivid, forceful, gay, spontaneous. With tender or friendly, light or bantering touch he enriched his friends with much that was profound and deeply thought and felt. He had no egotism, yet was always as ready to discuss himself as is a child. He took a frank and healthy interest in his own personality. In fact he had that utter absence of self-consciousness which is the sure sign of a fine nature, gentle birth, and a liberal education. His mature judgment was good and his opinions shrewd. He had a real gift for phrase-making and shocked the more anæmic intelligences in the House of Lords when he insisted that they should subscribe to the principle that the hereditary basis was the only sound one for a pack of hounds, a racing stable, or a Second Chamber. Whether their lordships liked coming last on this list is not recorded.

He had a marvellous memory and could cap any incident with an apt quotation from Shakespeare, Disraeli, Surtees or another. For Disraeli he had a great admiration; shared Disraeli's belief in the value of the upper classes and yet loved laughing at 'people like ourselves'—a phrase he owed to a very exalted and somewhat pompous member of the peerage. He had extraordinary courtesy and consideration for women touched with a delightful deference and, unlike most men, he was courteous to his men friends also, never, of course, falling into the vulgar error of mistaking familiarity for intimacy.

Looking back now it is plain that during the last year or so of his life a certain hurry, restlessness, inattention and even irritability appeared in him at times. It was so uncharacteristic that instinctively one bundled it out of sight: had it been faced and recognised in time for what it was, his life might have been saved.

How one would love to capture every memory of that last summer in London. A meeting with him, chance or otherwise, was always an event. He loved to tease Lady Willoughby by giving invitations to 'a second-rate dinner party—all my wife's friends and relations!' It was a rare privilege to be included in these 'second-rate' gatherings and the honour was reserved for people he really loved.

One morning walk in the late spring of 1923 stands out very clearly. First there was a visit to see some pictures by Munnings; on the way a talk about roses (which he loved) and Masfield's 'Reynard the Fox' which I had been the first to bring to his notice, an act for which he was always grateful in that rich, magnanimous way of his. He considered Masfield had written a little masterpiece and that, save for one or two slight solecisms, the poem was perfect.

On our way along Piccadilly to the St. Martin's Theatre we met and talked to a famous statesman, a well known music-hall comedian, and a Bishop; it was a lesson in the art of life to observe how Willoughby handled each. I feel sure all three did a happier and a better day's work for the encounter, and it was plain that each one felt glowingly that at any rate Lord Willoughby de Broke considered him one of the most interesting and important people in England. And in a very real sense it would have been true; he instinctively gave himself completely to the person he happened to be with and no form of flattery is more difficult, more subtle or more desired. I think it was on that morning that he passed on to me with his customary generosity the remark of a friend who had, a short time before, said to him, 'one must maintain one's serenity even if the Bailiffs are in the house.' Willoughby's philosophy and outlook were always serene.

Then, at the very end of the season, there was at his house a party hurriedly arranged to hear a little good music. Just a few congenial souls who wanted to meet some young Canadian artists who were passing through London—a singer, a pianist and a flautist. We listened with delight to song after song in English, French, Italian, and German. At the end Willoughby paid tribute as only he would have thought of doing by saying, 'Music; this is music, a concord of sweet sounds.'

It is not possible, even now, to believe that he has gone: nor, indeed, has he. In Warwickshire, his own county, he will long be affectionately remembered. There one can still feel, indeed see, his blithe presence everywhere; it would be no real surprise should he greet one suddenly, saying, 'I just looked along to see you all and say good morning.' It could happen, even in London—but not so easily.

True, his ashes rest in the Georgian Chapel at Compton Verney, but his spirit is . . . for ever England . . .

TALES FROM THE PERSIAN GULF.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. H. AUSTIN, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

II. AN ALFRESCO NAUTCH.

RAHIM DAD had delved deeply into the pockets of Afghans and British alike by his latest enterprise in gun-running. But he had yet to justify his position in the eyes of his crew, and those Afghans who were still waiting the consignment of arms carried by him from Matrah.

This had not been overlooked in the interviews which had taken place between Rahim Dad and myself during the time he was confined with his crew in the guard-room at Jashk, pending the result of salvage operations by the cruiser. By arrangement with the commander before he steamed off, the derelict baulks were to be retained on board with their conjectured attachments. Rahim Dad's dhow was to remain, meanwhile, beached at Jashk to enable me to decide as to its disposal, when I received the commander's report by wireless. If rifles and ammunition were forthcoming in reasonable numbers, the commander was to convey them direct to Masqat, where they would be handed over, and the two Afghans dispatched as prisoners to Karachi. They would thus be in jail for the rest of the season, and unable to communicate with their comrades on the Biaban coast.

When Rahim Dad left my presence after receiving his reward, he was escorted back to the guard-room. Here he was able to inform his crew that, as no arms had been found in his dhow, they were free to depart for Ziarat.

This intelligence surprised them greatly, but they attributed their good fortune to the subtlety of their skipper, who had completely hoodwinked the authorities as usual. To show that they bore me no ill-will, so Rahim Dad said, he and his merry men came to wish me good-bye, and thanked me for my hospitality during their stay at Jashk! They had certainly been fed at Government expense, but I suspect this heaping of coals of fire on my head was due to the humour innate in their leader. He was wearing a new pair of shoes, by the way; so I rather fancy his old ones, between the soles of which his rupee notes were securely sewn, were safely stowed away in his locker on board the dhow.

The subsequent proceedings of Rahim Dad, for a time, did not greatly concern the operations in hand for the suppression of the

arms traffic. But, as I was fully aware that he would have to exercise considerable ingenuity in re-establishing himself in the good graces of the Afghans, I was interested to learn how matters had been explained when next we met. Rahim Dad's story was, to the best of my recollection, somewhat as follows.

The first thing to be done was, obviously, to get into touch again with the Afghans who were still probably hanging about Ziarat. The dhow had a good deal of timber yet in her hold, as that thrown overboard during the pursuit amounted only to some thirty-five baulks, and she had set sail from Khor Fakkan with about three times that quantity. There was a considerable sum of money, therefore, to be collected from the chief at Ziarat when he took delivery of what the dhow still contained ; and that was no small matter in Rahim Dad's eyes.

The calm of the last few days had now been dissipated by a pleasant easterly breeze, so Rahim Dad had little difficulty in reaching Ziarat before dark the same day.

The half-dozen Afghans who had impatiently awaited the advent of his dhow eagerly gathered round when it was beached, and immediately inquired after the fate of their arms.

Rahim Dad was ostensibly thunderstruck to learn that they had not yet been recovered from the sea. Surely they must have seen him, a few mornings before, hopelessly becalmed off Ziarat, and captured by a cruiser ! Why did they not at once retrieve the timber when the cruiser had disappeared with the dhow in tow ? The Afghans admitted they had seen a dhow seized on the horizon ; but how were they to know it was his ? In any case, how could they get out to the scene of the capture in a dead calm ?

'True,' commented Rahim Dad bitterly, 'in some ways you are a wise and thoughtful people ; but your brains do not work their best by the sea, if you have sat here and done nothing these last three days. Why did you not summon my friend, "nakhuda" Salih, to help you when we did not appear at the appointed time ? He lives close by. As for me and my men, those accursed Anglez have kept us locked up at Jashk, without food or drink, since we fell into their hands ; and your two friends were taken away in the "marn-i-war"—Allah knows where to ! Only after some days, when the sahib at Jashk became sure that we had carried naught but wood, did he release us. We have now hurried to you that we might learn the rifles and ammunition have been gathered in by you from the sea. But, alas ! this is not so, and my heart is sore within me.'

A few crocodile tears were suitably shed here, apparently, whilst the remainder of his crew genuinely anathematised the British—not on account of their ill-treatment, but because they were deprived of their share of the 'swag' deposited by Rahim Dad at Masqat, which would have been forthcoming had the arms been safely landed at Ziarat.

Rahim Dad bade the Afghans bear up, however, and promised as soon as he had delivered the timber to Barkat Khan he would set forth to search for the rifles and ammunition still being tossed about, perhaps, at the mercy of the waves. He feared, though, that, after this length of time, the currents and wind had probably scattered the precious baulks far and wide, and the task would be no easy one. He issued a cordial invitation to any of the Afghans who wished to accompany him in the quest. Having just learnt, however, of the fate of their two companions, there was a marked lack of zeal among those safely ashore at Ziarat to embark with Rahim Dad. Thus he set sail next day with his crew alone.

It was as well, perhaps, for the peace of mind of the Afghans that none were aboard, as it was practically impossible to undertake a lengthy examination of the sea, in those waters, without coming in contact with a patrolling cruiser. During several days' tacking and beating about the dhow was forced on three or four occasions to submit to search, but as Rahim Dad carried little or no cargo his detention was usually a short one. He naturally took small interest in proceedings now, and yet felt it incumbent to convince his crew that he was doing his best for them and the Afghans. Only once, though, during their cruise did they alight on a baulk; and when that was hauled aboard it was not very surprising to find it had nothing attached to it. As a *shamal* was threatening, Rahim Dad decided at last to return to Ziarat to report to the Afghans the ill-success of his efforts.

The Afghans were grievously disappointed, and yet were forced to confess that, had their arms not been consigned to the deep during the pursuit of the dhow, their present state would have been no better. Indeed, it would have been worse; for was not Rahim Dad free, and his dhow still available to assist their compatriots on the other side?

That generous soul, while cursing the British as nothing short of low-down pirates of the main, now volunteered to run a cargo of arms free of charge, if the Afghans felt disposed to back his luck in another venture. This sounded most self-denying; but, as these particular Afghans had the bare wherewithal left to see them

home again, the proposal raised little enthusiasm. Then one of them inquired if the offer would apply to their friends at Masqat still awaiting an opportunity to dispatch their arms across. As a very special concession, Rahim Dad agreed to make it do so; because, he said, he keenly felt his loss of *izzat* (honour) in having failed to land his last consignment.

And so it was arranged that Rahim Dad should return to Matrah, armed with a note for one of the Afghans there from his friends at Ziarat. Although none of the Afghans were inclined to accompany him, Rahim Dad set sail with twenty or thirty young Baluchis, who were anxious to take part in some festival coming off at Masqat in honour of the Sultan's birthday. That was rather an event for the simple coastal people on this side of the water; and in the largeness of his heart Rahim Dad was taking them across free gratis. But they were to make their own arrangements for getting back, as he could not guarantee them a return passage.

Thus far Rahim Dad's story, which, of course, was only disclosed to me at a later date. Beyond this point I will not anticipate him, because after his departure from Ziarat, he came under my personal observation again, thanks to watchful eyes on the other side.

His advent at Matrah was duly cabled to me by one of my agents; so I presumed he had made his peace with the Afghans at Ziarat, and that it would not be long before further developments followed. It was something of a disappointment, therefore, to learn a week or so later that Rahim Dad had thoroughly entered into the spirit of carnival at Masqat, with certain young Baluchis, and done little or nothing in arranging to run arms for Afghans. However, one could but wait patiently to see what the morrow might bring forth; for to communicate with him was out of the question, since his promised co-operation was known only to me and my chief agent at Jashk.

He had certainly played fair by me once, but I by no means accepted as gospel that he would continue to do so, if he thought he could make more money otherwise. Hence, when the cable flashed the news that Rahim Dad had departed from Matrah, it was immediately passed on by wireless to all blockading ships. But this time, I frankly confess, I was entirely in the dark as to what he had aboard, if anything. Still, on principle, it seemed desirable that if he were intercepted he and his dhow should be brought into Jashk.

But my astonishment may be pictured on receiving a wireless

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from a new cruiser just out from home, 'Have captured a dhow off Ziarat. Skipper answers to name of Rahim Dad. He carries no cargo. Passengers consist of dancing-girls and some "tom-tom-wallahs" proceeding to important wedding. Propose permitting dhow to continue voyage.'

The bare idea of Rahim Dad in the rôle of a guileless skipper, conveying this bevy of beauty to a marriage feast excited my curiosity. Had the old boy wearied of bearing arms for Mars, and was he now seeking solace in the smiles of Venus? It would be interesting to learn; so I promptly replied, 'Suggest dhow be brought into Jashk.' To which the commander agreed.

When the dhow was later beached at Jashk I hastened to the spot, and was met by the commander of the cruiser in his steam pinnace, which had towed it ashore. Although new to the East, he had very wisely refrained from interfering in any way with the crowd of heavily veiled and gaily-bedecked sirens that constituted Rahim Dad's main cargo. As the officer had strictly avoided offending Mahommedan prejudices in such matters, he probably wondered what advantage there could be in bringing this gaudy baggage into Jashk. I was not quite sure myself. However.

Evening was drawing near, so I told Rahim Dad to explain to the disgruntled ladies that I felt certain they would be glad to spend the night ashore, after being cooped up for so long; but they would be at liberty to continue their voyage next day. I would arrange, therefore, to have a small camp pitched for them near the sepoj lines. This business settled, I intimated to the commander of the cruiser that there seemed no necessity to detain him if he desired to get under way again before dark. He accordingly returned to his ship, whilst we set about disembarking the nautch girls and their few male companions.

Twenty-five females in all stepped ashore with a considerable jingling and clanging of silver bracelets and anklets. The five men comprising the musicians of the party were more soberly dressed, and armed only with their *dols*, or cylindrical double-ended drums. The damsels were certainly sturdy in appearance, though they ran rather too much to *embonpoint* to be regarded as 'graceful as gazelles.' Their life of ease and good feeding would account, to some extent, for this, though one would imagine their saltatory exercises should have served to keep their figures within less robust bounds. However, far be it from me to urge Western ideas of beauty of form on the Oriental mind.

With their bundles and baskets of belongings this holiday-attired crowd waddled after the sepoy deputed to conduct them to their intended camping-ground for the night. The whole Telegraph *enclave* was protected by a barbed-wire entanglement from sea to sea, for there was a possibility of the station being attacked by the Afghans, as reprisals for captures of their arms. Our visitors, consequently, were safely penned in for the night; but two sentries were placed over their small camp as well, to ensure privacy, it was explained, from inquisitive eyes during their stay at Jashk.

These details completed, Rahim Dad was informed that he and his crew might remain on board the dhow; but at the close of our interview I asked him to arrange for the nautch party to give us a display later on when they were comfortably settled down for the night. I felt sure they would like to take this opportunity of stretching their limbs after being huddled up for so long during the sea passage, and regrettable detention by the cruiser. Being in holiday mood, he warmly approved my suggestion. At the same time I twitted the hoary old sinner for abandoning the conveyance of arms for the poorly-paid substitute in the way of cargo brought by him from the other side this trip. He merely smiled, and enigmatically remarked that the evening's entertainment should, at least, provide a welcome change to the ordinary life at Jashk.

The sepoy was, of course, delighted at the prospect of a nautch to relieve the monotony of their existence on the Jashk sand-spit. Although the spring weather was now more than genial, they constructed a huge bonfire in the centre of the arena marked out for the performance, so that none of the movements of the troupe should be lost.

The scene at which we put in our appearance after dinner was a gay one. The sepoy formed a large hollow square, squatting round the blazing logs in the centre. Along the other side of the square were reclining the portly bejewelled dancing girls, who were distributed on each side of the five musicians. Having cast their veils, they somewhat surlily, it seemed to me, awaited the order to begin the dance. Chairs had been placed for the few other Europeans of the station and myself on the opposite side of the square to the performers.

On our arrival, Rahim Dad, who had constituted himself Master of the Ceremonies, gave the signal for the band to strike up. Slow droning beats by the drummers' hands, accompanied by a dirge-like chant in high falsetto voices, announced the *tamasha* was about to begin. The female performers rose wearily to their feet, and

with expressionless faces formed a ring round the bonfire. Evidently a *pas seul* had no place in the programme; for the entire troupe sidled with studied deliberation from right to left along the circumference of their circle. After a time they reversed the motion, by stamping and gliding their way back to the opposite direction, now adding their high-pitched voices to the chant of the drummers. They waxed somewhat more enthusiastic by degrees, and put a modicum of life into their steps, but the display was far from convincing.

I summoned Rahim Dad to my side at the end of the first figure, when the dancers resumed their places on the ground for a brief rest. I had seen Baluch dances before, I told him, but nothing quite so dismal as what he had hashed up for us. We wanted to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the dancers, and I should expect something more lively in the rest of the programme. He went off to convey my wishes to the musicians and the dancing girls, who received the message with ill-concealed chagrin.

The musicians did, however, strike up with more inspiration then, and proceedings became less funereal. The dancers made some effort to entertain their audience, for they indulged in more energetic undulations and gyrations of body and limbs, which was exactly what I wanted. They were now getting worked up and less conscious of self, whilst carried away by the wild 'tom-tomming' of the drums.

'Faster,' I cried out to Rahim Dad; and faster droned the drums as the circle clanked round the fire with sparkling anklets and bracelets. I was watching the performers closely, and, without wishing to demand too much from the dusky belles, had a suspicion they were capable of yet greater energy.

'Still faster, Rahim Dad,' shouted I above the din. The night was warm; the bonfire more so. And soon great beads of perspiration glistened over the countenances of the burly maidens, as they made efforts to respond to the music. I watched and listened attentively. What was that? Surely I detected, amid the uproar, the hollow sound of wood striking against wood? It issued, too, from the dripping forms of the madly twirling crowd!

The Indian officer was quietly beckoned to my side. He slipped away with ten sepoy collected from the onlookers; but the dance continued.

At length the drum-beats died away on a signal from me, and the exhausted dancers threw themselves panting upon the ground about the musicians. They were immediately surrounded by a party of sepoys with fixed bayonets, who emerged from the darkness without.

The troupe were powerless to resist or disperse. Thus ringed in by bayonets, they presented a bedraggled spectacle of surprised indignation. To banish all uncertainty I addressed them as follows :

‘Beardless youths ! You have played your parts well to-night, and this nautch has afforded us all a very pleasant evening’s entertainment. When you came ashore you were weary and ill at ease ; so, what better than music and dancing to cheer up your spirits ? I had my suspicions, but desired to make quite sure. The nautch has dispelled all doubt. If your bodies are not swathed with Mauser pistols and ammunition, beneath your women’s wedding garments, forgive me for the search which will now be made.’

A bomb could scarcely have created greater consternation ; and a babel of protestation arose from the supposed nautch girls. Turning to the Indian officer I told him to march off the prisoners to the guard-room, and there examine them thoroughly. The *tamasha* then broke up.

Rahim Dad promptly took a back seat when my decision was announced, and tried to melt away, it seemed to me, in the crowd. But I sent my chief agent after him, and told him to bring the old ruffian to my quarters. They joined me there presently, and I attacked the rogue at once with, ‘Well, old son. What about it ?’

The veteran in sin smiled benignly, ‘Excellent, sahib, excellent. No better could you have done, had I told you.’

This was not exactly the reply I expected. I sought some explanation of his being mixed up in this sorry attempt to bamboozle us, and said so. He then related the yarn forming the earlier portion of this story.

When he stopped to take breath, I let him know that his wild festival keeping at Masqat had been reported to me ; and inquired if these supposititious nautch girls were the young Baluchis he was there said to be fraternising with. He owned the soft impeachment. They had been selected for their beardless countenances which, if their bodies were appropriately attired, might very well pass muster for those of dancing girls.

Continuing, Rahim Dad stated that he had pointed out to the Afghans at Masqat the great risk now attending the transportation of rifles ; but that he thought he could probably run Mauser pistols across in some quantities. These, he emphasised to them, were practically as good as rifles. Were they not sighted up to 1,000 yards ; and could they not be fired from the shoulder by affixing the wooden case to form a butt of 15 inches to the weapon ? Also,

they occupied little space, weighed less than two *seers*,¹ and so forth. In short, he would guarantee, under certain conditions, to conceal half-a-dozen such pistols, and 600 rounds of ammunition, about a single person. And he did it—to the complete satisfaction of his Afghan employers.

Thus Rahim Dad's young Baluch friends were transformed into a bevy of portly dancing girls by the garments and jewellery they had taken with them from Ziarat. Special straps and under jackets, after the style of life-belts with suitable pockets, were evolved by local *dirzis* (tailors) at Masqat for the reception of arms and ammunition. For these, of course, the Afghans paid.

Rahim Dad then set sail up the coast with his nautch party, thoroughly enjoying the novel situation. They found it less entertaining, perhaps, weighted as they were to the extent of 30 to 40 lbs. about the waist and shoulders when they embarked.

Something, of course, went wrong with the works the night he made the dash across the narrow seas for Ziarat. Pulleys jammed at a critical moment, and it was found impossible to lower the sail when picked up by the beam of a searchlight. The dhow was detected; and, while making a bolt for it, the main halyard parted, in some unaccountable way, bringing the great sail down with a run when they were not very far from their destination. The dhow, in consequence, became an easy prey to the pursuing cruiser.

'The rest is known to you, sahib,' concluded Rahim Dad.

'Yes,' replied I, scathingly, 'the rest is known to me. From your account, then, you purposely played some tricks with your dhow's gear, which led to her capture. Good; but you appeared to forget, when you arrived in Jashk with your beautiful nautch girls, to whisper in my ear who or what they really were, and what was concealed about their persons. It seems to me I am not indebted entirely to you for our haul, eh?'

'That, sahib, was precisely my hope. Being a lover of truth, I can now swear by the beard of the Prophet, should any man doubt my honesty in this matter, that naught did I divulge to living soul at Jashk. You will bear me out. Is it not so? Yet was I pleased when you ordered the nautch; for then I knew your suspicions were aroused and the truth would be revealed. Let me see: 150 rifles at two rupees each, makes 300 rupees: and 15,000 cartridges is another 30 rupees. Therefore, sahib, 330 rupees in all are due to me from you.'

¹ A *seer* is about 2 lbs. avoirdupois.

ON THE GOOD SENSE OF MOLIERE'S LADIES.

THE first thing we have to do in approaching Molière's ladies is to put Shakespeare's resolutely out of our minds. These lovely ladies do not inhabit stageland—it is always amazing to find how entirely at home they are there—they live habitually in the green-wood, in moonlit gardens, haply, on an island. Molière's stage directions are sometimes 'a drawing-room,' more often 'an open space in front of Arnolphe's (or Sganarelle's) house.'

His world is essentially stageland. The melodious blank verse of Shakespeare is as perfect an expression of the passion of Juliet and the tenderness of Imogen as of the reflections of Portia and Isabella; the wit of Rosalind and Beatrice turn their rhythmical prose to music. All Molière's greatest plays are written in rhyming Alexandrines, a measure of so regular a fall that our English ears find it hard to catch the varied emotions of which it is capable. Knowing something like it in our own language, chiefly in Pope and Crabbe, we expect from it point and good sense and wit. These we shall find abundantly in Molière, but before we are done with him we shall find the orderly measure vibrant with passion and moving in tenderness. So easy is his management of his verse, so inevitable his happy rhymes—Boileau envied him his rhymes—that one may read whole acts forgetting—but for a half-conscious pleasure in the brain—that what one reads is not the directest prose. Ladies speaking in such a medium can hardly fail of sensible conclusions—and sense is an essential in the world they live in. It is not, as Shakespeare's is, the enchanted world of the poets, the world into which we have glimpses when we are in love, a world far from actuality but near, we hope, to Reality; Molière's world is the world we live in, where our love affairs and other spiritual adventures have to elbow a way for themselves among conventions, parental authority, notaries, financial considerations, waiting-maids and lackeys.

In the seventeenth century, the *grand siècle*, France, who for five centuries had led the nations in the search for romance, was discovering, under the guidance of Malherbe and (later) of Boileau, that her real *métier* was to guide the world into habits of good sense. Molière's share in this mission was the application of good

sense to domestic and social life. In many of his plays he makes his ladies custodians of this saving quality.

What are the distinctive elements in feminine good sense?—The habit of regarding their own claims strictly in relation to the larger whole—family or society—of which they form a part. No Marie Bashkirtochef claim to 'my own life and the fulness thereof' for them! Tolerance; what that most sensible of women, Mary Lamb, describes as 'the capacity to recognise other people's characters and never to expect them to act out of them.' I would add as essential elements Humour to prevent tolerance becoming mere complaisance, and Wit that sense may have a weapon to fight tyranny and stupidity. We shall find this intelligent and beneficent good sense in many of Molière's ladies—not always the leading ladies; if heroines were uniformly sensible, plots would be hard to find.

If we would find parallels to Molière's ladies in English literature we must go to Miss Austen. Such clear-headed unselfish ladies as the Léonore in 'L'École des Maris,' Henriette in 'Les Femmes Savantes,' and 'la sincère Eliante' of 'Le Misanthrope' have their 'opposite numbers' in the charming figures of Jane Bennet, Eleanor Dashwood, and Fanny Price; and we shall find other likenesses.

But the first play we have to consider, 'Les Précieuses Ridicules'—it was the play with which Molière made his first great hit in Paris in 1659—presents us not with sensible, considerate women, but with two exceedingly silly girls! But here is a beautiful fact which you may account for as you can. If a poet is only great enough, he endows his characters with so much life that they walk away 'on their own' and may even turn round and defeat his purpose in creating them. Is it in spite of Molière or with his connivance that the mere youth of Madélon and Cathos makes such irresistible appeal to us?

The purpose of Molière in 'Les Précieuses Ridicules' was ostensibly to voice the exasperation of men—husbands, fathers, lovers—at the romantic sentiments, high-flown language, superfine sensibility and, with these, the exorbitant personal claims that the reading of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's sentimental romances was spreading devastatingly in provincial circles—feminine circles, that is. Molière's old schoolfellow, Chapelle, found such a 'reading circle' in full swing at Montpélier. Matrons might sigh over opportunities lost because never realised, but enterprising female youth still hoped to educate their swains in sentimental refinements, guiding

them through 'la carte du Tendre' by all the recognised stages—*billets-doux*, *petits soins*, *billets galants*, and *jolis vers*. A beginning may at least be made by treating with contempt the swains sanctioned by parental authority. This first stage on their path to adventure Madélon and her cousin Cathos have successfully achieved. The graceless suitors have not concealed the fact that their visit is a mere preliminary to signing the marriage contract, and the girls have, very properly, yawned in their faces and turned their backs on them.

The stage is clear for our spirited young women. Hardly a heroine in fiction can afford to have a mother, and Madélon and her cousin are only up against a stupid—but tyrannical—father. 'Mon Dieu, que vous êtes vulgaire!' cries exasperated Madélon, and wonders how he came to have as clever a daughter as herself. Yet it is into the mouth of this foolish and conceited girl that Molière put this charming plea of youth claiming its natural heritage: 'Laissez-nous faire à loisir le tissu de notre roman et n'en pressez pas tant la conclusion.'

We forgive the boorish suitors their revenge because it furnishes us with the liveliest scene ever put on the stage—a scene so wholeheartedly funny that perhaps it is only an old woman, sentimental over youth and youth's follies, that finds it also curiously touching. One of the dull suitors has the unmerited luck to have a valet, a nimble-witted fellow who has picked up the fashions and idiom of the Wits and is of so lively a fancy that he gladly identifies himself with the Marquis he is bidden to impersonate in pursuance of the scheme of revenge.

We know the secret, but forget its sinister shadow as we sit entranced listening to the eager talk of the four young idiots—for the Marquis introduces another valet disguised as a Vicomte. They start off at once, capping each other's wit, outdoing each other in subtleties—'showing off,' as we have all happily done in our day. Then the young man draws ahead and monopolises the boasting, and the girls unite in an antiphony of admiration. This is seeing life; this is a real introduction—and how easy!—into the charmed circle of wit and fashion and sensibility. We must not strain analogy to breaking-point. No! Kitty and Lyddy Bennet could never be serious enough to care for 'wit and sensibility' or even 'fashion.' It is only when Cathos exclaims 'Pour moi j'ai un furieux tendre pour les hommes d'épée' that they would know where they were; and Madélon's rejoinder would simply bewilder

them: 'Je les aime aussi, mais je veux que l'esprit assaisonne la bravoure.'

Does not this golden sentence give this absurd young woman a claim to the 'good sense' that distinguishes Molière's ladies? When the play ends with the brutal unmasking of the young 'noblemen,' the discomfiture of the girls and the triumph of stupid tyranny, we are left wondering on which side the poet's sympathies really lie.

We have no doubt where his sympathies and principles and, indeed, prejudices lie in the 'Femmes Savantes,' the later play (1666) in which he satirises womanhood. Molière's philosophy of life rests foursquare on the decencies of household life and on the honourable tradition of 'les honnêtes gens': there is room in it for sterling character, for human sweetness and urbanity, room too for much that is poignant and perplexing, but he makes it clear that spiritual adventure is not his department. He meets such aspirations and the excesses incident to them with laughter and good sense, never with bitterness nor cynicism.

Preciosity as a fashion had failed—'Les Précieuses Ridicules' is said to have hastened its end. The desire of enterprising ladies to overtake science and philosophy was in 1666 the source of masculine disquiet. Molière puts his own views on the learning of women into the mouth of Clitandre, a man of the world and a good fellow. We are to be allowed access to learning if we consent to forgo all vainglory.

'De son étude enfin je veux qu'elle se cache
Et qu'elle ait du savoir sans vouloir qu'on le sache.'

Much fun there would be in that!

The *motif* of the recited verses in the 'Précieuses' is repeated in the 'Femmes Savantes,' but the dull dog of a third-rate poet repeating his sonnet is a poor exchange for the joyous inspiration of Mascarille, and the chorus of enthusiasm of the three ladies—Bélise the eccentric aunt, Armande the affected daughter, and Philaminte the overpowering mother—deafen and weary us as Molière intended that they should. We are only interested in the demure younger daughter who sits by silent and contemptuous. The poet, too, seems of our way of thinking. He is anxious for more praise:

'Peut-être que mes vers importunent Madame?
HENRIETTE. Point. Je n'écoute pas.'

She values what Molière values—marriage, household happiness, order, above all good sense. Still it is a lonely business to be the only sane person in an ill-regulated household, especially if one be the youngest member of it. Her father, sound enough in opinion, is in action paralysed in presence of his wife, and the cook Marotte, whose primitive views are refreshing in that heated atmosphere, has not the wit to steer her young mistress through her troubles as Dorine, the incomparable waiting-woman of 'Tartuffe,' steers her mistress and her lover through theirs.

When the play begins Henriette has found solid ground beneath her feet in the declared love of Clitandre. Even this has an element of disillusionment. Clitandre has first courted her sister till, wearied with the airs and claims of Armande, he discovers the truth and kindness shining in Henriette's quiet eyes. No vanity nor strained sense of dignity stands between her and happiness, but there is that formidable mother to be faced—parental authority in those days was a real and often terrible fact.

The mother, Philaminte—I hope she wasn't our old friend Madélon, older and married but still ardent—is a type we have met in our time, in the early days of the higher education of women movement, and again in the suffrage movement; full of genuine enthusiasm for generous causes, but with brains insufficient to balance a strong will and vehement temperament, undisciplined by education, easily caught by catchwords and shibboleths, a prey to second-class men in politics or religion or letters. Philaminte may found her Ladies' Academy (which is to combine scientific discovery with exquisite felicity of style) and meanwhile mismanage and demoralise her household, and we are all only very uncomfortable, but when for vainglory she resolves to marry Henriette to Trissotin we are all alarmed. Clitandre, courtier, man of the world and happy lover as he is, is anxious; Henriette, who never expects things to go right, can only assure him of her constancy and hint that in the last resort a convent may offer a refuge. When it comes to the point the father fails ignominiously to support the lovers, though the cook has afforded the moral support he had implored.

Then the elderly brother or brother-in-law, whom Molière always keeps in reserve, steps in with the news that both Chrysale, the father, and Philaminte, the mother, have simultaneously and separately lost their fortunes.

This clears the poet out of the road and gives Clitandre his chance

for the *beau geste*. Very nobly he offers the family the support of what fortune he is possessed of. Nothing is more exasperating in enthusiasts than their unwillingness to realise the meaning of money. Philaminte bows and smiles and is serenely reassured.

And our little Henriette ?

She suddenly distresses Clitandre and startles us by her clear, firm, 'Non, ma mère, je change à présent de pensée.'

There is a penalty that falls on the sensible, especially the prematurely sensible and considerate, the penalty of the practical imagination which, in a flash, realises the complications, contingencies and inevitable catastrophes of every situation. She knows that Clitandre's fortune just meets his needs—he is a courtier and fine gentleman. She has shuddering recollections of household discomfort. No misfortune, she knows, will cure the delusions of her aunt, the exacting airs of her sister, the weakness of her father, the self-will of her mother. At all costs Clitandre must be saved from such experiences. It is pitiful to hear so young a creature, and one truly in love, say with miserable conviction that nothing weakens the ardours of married love so certainly as these practical daily troubles.

Let us hasten to the happy solution and the convenient brother-in-law. All is well and—characteristically—our Henriette makes no audible comment.

Few heroines are so alive to economic considerations and their tragic implications; certainly none of Shakespeare's. Lovers of 'Mansfield Park' may profitably reflect on what Fanny Price's action would have been if her engagement had involved the descent of the Portsmouth household on Edmund Bertram's superior vicarage.

If Madélon's folly delights us because of its sheer youthfulness, and Henriette's prudence melts our hearts for the same reason, what shall I say of Agnès in 'L'École des Femmes,' a creature so moving in her simplicity that only a poet with a great heart and perfect skill would have ventured to make her his heroine ?

I started by saying that we must put Shakespeare's ladies out of our minds, yet it is the heroine of his most ethereal play, 'The Tempest,' that I would ask you to remember in this connection. The two heroines do indeed inhabit worlds that hardly belong to the same scheme of things. Miranda haunts 'these yellow sands,' and our little Agnès sits on a verandah sewing—six night-shirts and two night-caps in a week; Miranda has Ariel for sole attendant

and playfellow, Agnès, a coarse serving-man and his wife for house-mates and guardians; Miranda has a father endowed with the omniscience and power that every father of a young daughter longs to possess, Agnès has been adopted by a crank—suspicious, jealous, doctrinaire—who brings her up in perfect ignorance, that she may make him a satisfactorily stupid and virtuous wife. Yet in Agnès, as in Miranda, Nature has made a lady of her own; and Molière's scheme, like Shakespeare's, is to leave this child of his imagination to the law and impulse of Nature.

As soon as she sets eyes on Ferdinand Miranda discovers her own heart.

'This is the third man that e'er I saw;
The first that e'er I sighed for.'

And the hours are few till she has wound up the whole affair:

'Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me plain, and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me.'

And with the first salutation of the unknown gallant which Agnès receives—and, I may add, gladly returns—the central mystery of life is made, if not plain, yet potent to her in the stirrings of vague sweet emotions.

We think with exquisite pleasure of Shakespeare writing this play at the end of his life, possibly in the peace of his home at Stratford, with his own young daughter passing in and out before him. When Molière created Agnès he was a hard-bitten man of the world, with years of an actor-manager's mixed experience behind him; he was also the patient husband of a vain and heartless young wife. That is why the 'crank' is not wholly detestable nor absurd. Arnolphe suffers from his total lack of hold on the young creature he has brought up for himself, and Molière convinces us of the reality of the suffering. Agnès's account of her first acquaintance with her lover is like a child's narrative in its simplicity and particularity, but it falls blisteringly on the ears of her guardian. If it excites the honest laughter of the *parterre*, it keeps within the clear limits of innocence.

Agnès is no longer a child when, in Act V, she parts with her lover at the gate.

We know from the great passage in 'Le Misanthrope' how Molière loved the old songs of France. Inadvertently he has

slipped into the plaintive music of such an old song of love and parting in the short dialogue between the lovers.

'AGNÈS. Pourquoi me quittez-vous ?

'HORACE. Chère Agnès, il le faut.

'AGNÈS. Songez donc, je vous prie à revenir bientôt.

'HORACE. J'en suis assez pressé par ma flamme amoureuse.

'AGNÈS. Quand je ne vous vois pas, je ne suis point joyeuse.

'HORACE. Hors de votre présence on me voit triste aussi.

'AGNÈS. Hélas, s'il était vrai, vous resteriez ici.'

She may be driven, in the course of the play, to the stereotyped expedient of the secret letter and the elopement, but she never loses her fresh, pathetic simpleness. That letter is the plainest, most moving letter ever penned by heroine.

' . . . I want to write to you and don't know how to begin. I have thoughts that I wish you to know . . . but I distrust my own words. I am beginning to recognise that I have been brought up in ignorance and I may say what isn't right. . . . I don't know what you have done to me. I only know . . . that I cannot live without you and that I would gladly be yours. I hope that there is nothing wrong in telling this. . . .' Then she tells him that she has been warned that young men deceive, and that he is only playing with her. 'Tell me plainly if that be so, for as I mean so well by you, you would do wrong to deceive me and I think I should die of sorrow.'

It is small wonder that this simplicity touches her lover.

'Tout ce qu'elle sent sa main a su l'y mettre,
Mais en termes touchants et pleins de bonté,
De tendresse innocente et d'ingénuité.'

This letter makes a man of the young featherhead, her lover. It leaves us blessing the clean mind and great heart from which this Agnès draws her being.

So we think: but in the Paris of 1666 which crowded to see the new play, the prudes and the prigs and the envious made their outraged modesty loudly heard. This has been all to the good. It gave Molière the happiest inspiration and us the wisest and wittiest of one-act plays, 'La Critique de l'École des Femmes.'

'For four days,' says one of the characters, 'this play has been

discussed in all households in Paris,' and we have the *entrée* into the pleasantest, cleverest, and best-bred of these.

Which is the more sensible of the two ladies, the cousins Elise and Uranie?

Uranie admits that she loves company. So does Elise, but it must be select.

'It is too fastidious,' says Uranie, 'to reject all but the approved.'

'And too easy-going to put up with all sorts,' retorts Elise.

And both are right. But Uranie has the last word. 'I enjoy the sensible and am amused by the absurd.'

It is the tolerant Uranie who replies to the fop, the prude, and the rival poet with sense and spirit; it is Elise who fools them to the top of their bent, going gaily from one audacity of mischief to the next, keeping the three in a fool's paradise, while between them Uranie and Dorante, the man of sense, give us Molière's apologia for the play and his whole admirable theory of comedy.

If it were possible to imagine Jane and Elizabeth Bennet interested in anything less personal than their neighbours and their love affairs, we could imagine Jane speaking with the sense and sincerity of Uranie and Elizabeth mischievously happy in the role of Elise.

Space is limited. We must turn our backs on 'Tartuffe.' Had space served I would have left on one side the serious problem raised by the play and would have speculated idly why the two young gentlemen failed to discard their rather colourless mistresses and to compete for the privilege of making love to the witty and spirited Dorine. Only one who could decide what she owes to Molière, what to Plautus, could do justice to the noble figure of Alcène, the classical matron in 'Amphitryon,' chaste and passionate, gracious and indignant. A salutation we must wave to the three women whose practical sense pins down to earth the glorious fantasia of the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme.' It is a relief to skirt past the lacerating play of 'George Dandin.' The practicality of women has its ugly side, ingenuity in putting others in the wrong.

Our space is all too short to discuss 'Le Misanthrope,' the greatest of Molière's plays, one of the greatest of all plays and certainly the greatest problem play.

It treats of the most universal of problems, the problem that meets us daily from the dawn of consciousness to the end of it, the problem of combining candour with the business and the amenities of life. We can hardly avoid casuistry in discussing it. It is safe to hold that only disinterested lovers of truth may lay

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claim to the luxury of perfect sincerity, and even they must temper its expression with silence and humour and a sense of proportion. And in these three practical graces, Alceste, the blundering, heroic, curiously appealing hero of 'Le Misanthrope,' is totally lacking. Molière lets him wreck his prospects, shows him as impossibly impracticable, but he has a kindness for this child of his intellect.

In his own world, with its susceptibilities, envyings, cabals, anxieties for court favour and popular applause, Molière must have often longed—as we all do at times—to let in a breath of perfect candour, quickening and devastating, such as Alceste brings into an artificial society.

In the matter of literary criticism Molière is wholeheartedly at the back of his hero. The great passage where Alceste confounds the sonneteering gentleman, repeating and again repeating with rapt joy the old French song, is the one touch of romance—of magic—in all Molière's clear classic pages.

But candour in literary criticism can, at the worst, only involve you in a duel. It was in the complications of the law, the courtesies of society and, most fatally, in courtship that Alceste was to hold fast his integrity and wreck his fortunes. In varying forms this problem recurs in every scene of the play, but as it does so in our daily experience Molière was under no temptation to make his characters illustrations of his thesis. None of the four main characters are types. He endows them with life and leaves them to work out the tragedy and comedy of the play. We have Alceste, the generous, undisciplined idealist hopelessly at odds with the world, blindly in love with Célimène, the charming worldling; we have Philinte, the intelligent, well-bred gentleman, free from the 'lie in the soul,' but either from indolence or irony conforming to convention, faithfully attached to 'la sincère Eliante.' If we claim the quality of good sense for both the ladies it is with a different and unequal meaning that the word applies to each.

Never was heroine so advantageously placed as Célimène. She is twenty years old and—by the favour of Heaven—a widow, free alike from parental tyranny and marital jealousy. (It could not occur to the most sympathetic imagination to inquire what her first husband was like.) She is obviously rich, certainly fair; her charm reaches us through the cold print: in flesh and blood on the stage she must be irresistible. Her nimble wit can touch off characters with swift, telling touches—making 'characters' was the fashion of the hour; it can also be cruel as when, with smiling

reasonableness, she brings to confusion the malice of the prude Arsinoë. She has a Frenchwoman's practical instinct for the advantageous. She has the fatal weakness of a charming and amiable woman: she must needs be on flattering terms with all and sundry. Her lovers are in crowds, and each is in favour. Because she has a brain she knows that Alceste's value outweighs them all, that indeed there is no common valuation between them and him. It is because she has instinctive self-knowledge that she quails before the strength of his passion. She plays at life as if it were a game, enchanted with her own skill and good fortune. She may have deceived Alceste—is he not rather the dupe of his own passionate heart?—she does not deceive herself; her graceful and amusing plan of life has small room for deep feeling. She is like a child paddling on the edge of a dangerous sea. She is barely over the ankles, but the next step may plunge her into unknown depths—and she has the instinct of self-preservation. And Alceste has none! It is not fair, perhaps, to feel that we are reading Molière's own experience in the tragic impotence of Alceste either to elicit response to his passion or to keep it in the confines of reason.

He reproaches her with the hosts of lovers she entertains. 'You are jealous of all the world,' she answers, and *it is true*.

'Yes, because you welcome all.'

'Safety in numbers,' is the adroit retort; 'it would be far more serious if there were only one.'

And then the forlorn lover's plea, 'And I? What have I more than they?'

Then her answer—and one imagines her look and the delicious thrill in her voice—'Le bonheur de savoir que vous êtes aimé.'

Perhaps, if he had had patience and tact and some slight understanding of what she was feeling (if he had been Philinte and not Alceste), they might—but he urges complaint and suspicion, and she retreats into her convenient stronghold, her central indifference: 'I take back all I have said, and it is your own fault if you are under a delusion.' But he will not be stayed.

'Mon amour ne se peut concevoir et jamais
Personne, Madame, n'a aimé comme je fais.'

Nor is she unmoved.

'Il est vrai; votre amour pour moi est sans seconde.'

One more impassioned plea that at last they may talk it out 'à

cœur ouvert'—and the footman announces the influential gentleman who can forward a lawsuit she has on hand, and Célimène eagerly commands him to be shown up! The ill-timed practicality of women has driven many a bewildered man to despair. We have to follow Célimène through all her self-wrought complications, but first we must make acquaintance with her cousin Eliante.

We hear of her before we meet her. In the first act Philinte is expostulating with Alceste on the unwisdom of his choice in love. Twice Eliante's name recurs, and twice you hear his voice soften wistfully.

'Pour moi si je n'avais qu'à former des désirs
Sa cousine Eliante aurait tous mes soupirs.
Son cœur, qui vous estime, est solide et sincère.'

Alceste admits the truth of this, but what has love to do with reason?

It is only in the third act that Eliante appears. Up till then Célimène alone holds the stage. The scene between her, the cool, witty, reasonable and triumphant young woman, and Arsinoë, the feverishly spiteful prude, might convince even Alceste of the appalling nature of plain speaking when prompted by malice. The scene that follows might make the most sophisticated in love with sincerity, so fair is it when allied to courtesy and mutual liking. Eliante and Philinte are discussing their friend. In her reasonable way she has as great a love of truth as Alceste. His sincerity, she avers, has its heroic side; she could wish that the whole world were like him. When Philinte asks her about her cousin's inclinations she, who is never censorious, says the kindest, wisest thing one woman can say of another's perplexities:

'Son cœur de ce qu'il sent n'est pas bien sûr lui-même.
Il aime quelquefois sans qu'il le sache bien
Et croit aimer aussi parfois qu'il n'est rien.'

She and Philinte are evidently old friends; he suggests that Alceste might have made a wiser choice. Without a shadow of self-consciousness she discusses the situation. She would do all she could to give Alceste his heart's desire by bringing the two together, but if it turned out otherwise, and Alceste in his disappointment were to turn to her, she would not refuse what he could offer. Philinte, with a charming humour, parodies her sincere and sober words; and if it turned out that the two, Alceste and Célimène,

did come together, how happy would he be if Eliante would then bestow what she could on him. This startles her—'Philinte, vous plaisez'—but the idea takes root in her heart.

The sound judgment of the disinterested comes automatically to her hand at a sudden crisis. Alceste has been driven frantic by Célimène's flirtations. He is an idealist, not an ideal character. He startles and outrages us by bluntly inviting Eliante to help him to avenge himself by accepting what he is frantic enough to describe as the ardent devotion of his heart. We know her regard for Alceste, but the possibility of taking advantage of the situation never troubles her mind. Nor in her concern for him does she remember her own outraged dignity. She sees his excitement and doesn't attempt to defend her cousin, but she has the calming word ready: 'Mais peut-être le mal n'est pas si grand qu'on pense.' She is so far right; on this occasion the matter is patched up.

But Célimène persists in treating life as a round game; her fatal love of being *au mieux* with all and sundry and—we must add—the facility of her pen bring her world about her ears.

Marshaled by the prude Arsinoë, all her admirers appear producing letters in which, to each, she makes game of all the rest.

Célimène never loses her head. While proofs of her folly are battering down on her, and embittered admirers make common cause with her arch-enemy in triumphing over her, she keeps unbroken contemptuous silence. When they are all gone and Alceste turns on her, it is different. Her speech is too long to quote, too fine to shorten. There is in it perfect candour and quiet acceptance of his right to complain, but no touch of self-abasement, no appeal for pardon, only perfect dignity.

Then Alceste makes his last and worst mistake. He has already made up his mind to withdraw from a sickening world, to leave Paris and retire into the wilderness—probably a well-found château in a fair French province. He now proposes that she should take refuge with him, repent her faults, give everyone time to forget, and thus secure his marital protection and approval. Who can condemn her cry of self-preservation, 'La solitude effraie une âme de vingt ans'?

What Goethe said of Milton and his Delilah, 'See the great poet he *putt* her in the right,' is equally true of Molière and Célimène.

Before these four friends of ours fall back into the real life, from which Molière drew them for a moment on to his stage, let

us enjoy the last speech of Eliante. With his monstrous, pathetic preoccupation with his own feelings Alceste assures her of his unchanged respect and admiration, but adds with incredible clumsiness that he feels himself too unfit for marriage to offer her a heart so unworthy of her.

With no rebuke, but with grave, sweet humour, she assures him that she is not embarrassed about the disposal of her hand; then—smiling across at Philinte—she adds:

‘ Et voilà votre ami sans trop m’inquiéter,
Qui, si je l’en priais, la pourrait accepter.’

The success of this pleasant silver-grey love affair justifies the claim of the play to be a comedy, though Alceste is in character, as in fate, a tragic hero. The end is not in the play for either of the protagonists, Alceste and Célimène. We are left speculating on their future just as we do when, in our own circle, disruptive forces rend asunder lives we had hoped would grow more and more into a unity.

F. A. MACCUNN.

A REG'LAR BAD 'UN.

BY J. DRYDEN.

B3, 36, is a curious name for a man. Yet this was the name of the little middle-aged man who was standing on a small table looking out of the barred window. As the first half of his name reveals to the initiated, he was a resident of the third floor, and that third floor was part of His Majesty's prison at Silchester, in the pleasant English county of Hampshire.

His name on the morrow would be Hawkins, Alfred Hawkins, but he was known, unfortunately very well known, to policemen and prison officials as Sir 'Enry, from the circumstance of the identity of his surname with that of a famous judge. This, it may be almost unnecessary to say, was all that the judge and he had in common, for the Hawkins with whom we are now concerned was officially regarded as a dangerous criminal. Unofficially, by the same officials, he was regarded quite differently, but that is another matter.

He was to be released in the morning, and from where he stood in the solitude of his cell, he could just see the road down which he would be walking in freedom when about fourteen hours should have elapsed. But there was little excitement in Hawkins's bosom. When one has been going to prison fairly regularly for nearly forty years, one cannot be expected to view the prospect of temporary freedom with the enthusiasm of a first offender.

The nine months just completed had been awarded for 'loitering with felonious intent.' 'An active and intelligent' constable had discovered Sir 'Enry seated by the roadside. In his pocket were tools of a strange nature, said by the 'officer' to be 'burglarious implements,' but by Sir 'Enry said to be 'tools for repairin' motors.' The law had taken, not unnaturally, the same view as its strong arm, but one thing is certain, these tools would have been scorned alike, with equal derision, by the skilful burglar or the motor mechanic. The owner's bad record, however, had secured for him board and lodging for the winter, for which he had returned thanks to the giver, and which he had then retired to 'enjoy.'

Freedom for Hawkins was not a particularly attractive thing. Indeed, for the winter, he preferred captivity; but his nine months

was up, and out he must go. So next morning, a May morning, Sir 'Enry sallied forth, even as the knights-errant of old, not knowing whither he was going, but ready for any adventure that might befall.

His 'property,' which had been returned to him on his release, consisted of two shillings, a sixpence, three halfpennies, one and a half inches of pencil, and a clay pipe. The alleged burglarious implements had of course been confiscated.

His first act on reaching the High Street was to buy tobacco and to light up the pipe. This accomplished, and feeling a little more like a human being, he continued his journey through the town. He bought a couple of cooked sausages, he exchanged a shilling for a knife, and passing a baker's cart on the outskirts of the town, he dexterously removed a roll or two, and stowed them away between his shirt and his trousers, to await a more convenient season for stowing them yet further inward.

His progress was slow, for having nowhere to go, he was in no hurry to get there, and by the time he had arrived in the open country, after many perambulations, the sun was high in the welkin. He passed through a hedge into a field, in an easy, if not graceful, manner that told of long practice, and ate his sausages and the baker's bread. Then he slept, if not the sleep of the just, at any rate a sleep that was just as sound, and that was very welcome, for, even to such an experienced person, sleeping on a plank bed is not an easy job. When he awoke, the sun had gone to the west. Sir 'Enry stretched himself and continued his pilgrimage to nowhere in particular.

His meanderings brought him on a circular tour back to the town, and he cast longing eyes at the 'desirable residences' that stand at intervals by the roadside. He wandered on, and finally sat in 'The Green Man' until dark. Then, alas! he went back in the direction of the 'desirable residences.'

He opened the garden gate of one of them, and no dog barked. Thus encouraged, he entered, and his foot sounded loudly on the gravel path, but he continued on the soft grass to the back of the house. His intent was evidently felonious again. He was seen in the moonlight by a wakeful maid, and the resources of modern science were at her call against him, for, after the master had been informed, she telephoned for the police.

Hawkins, all unconscious of this, pursued his felonious way, feeling doors and windows in a most felonious manner. A door gave

way to his touch and strong hands laid hold of him. But his coat was large and roomy. It had been made for a man six inches wider and longer than its present owner, so Hawkins slipped out of it and ran.

He returned the way he had come, but as he neared the gate, he saw a tall and burly figure, uniformed and helmeted, alighting from a bicycle. He doubled back again, only to meet another tall figure in pyjamas and slippers coming straight for him. He dashed to the right, to the left, to the right again, and, eluding the pyjamas and slippers, cantered over the lawn. His performance was excellent for one of his years and condition, but the most hopeful of backers would not have risked a shilling on his chances, no ! not at 100 to 1. The chase was soon over. The grasp of the policeman held him firmly. He was marched into the house and, under the electric light, Sergeant Jones greeted his old client with, 'Allo ! Sir 'Enry ! I guessed it was you !'

They went into the dining-room, and the master of the house and Sir 'Enry had leisure to become further acquainted. The master saw a little man, a few years older than himself, clad in a tweed waistcoat and corduroy trousers that might once have been new, a shirt, clean, thanks to H.M. Home Office, a faded felt hat, and, for a substantial base, an old pair of army boots. He saw a face not unintelligent, that answered the Sergeant with a faint whimsical smile, but a face on which hunger and suffering had left their indelible mark.

Sir 'Enry for his part saw a tall figure, now additionally clad, thanks to a wife's loving care, in a quilted dressing gown. A figure that told of good living, and a face to match, but a face, nevertheless, that also had signs of suffering for them who may read such things. The mouth under the grey moustache had an acquired weakness, and the eyes under the heavy eyebrows lacked the confidence that should go with an assured position.

'You've been very quick, Sergeant,' said the tall gentleman.

'Yes, Mr. Denton, thank yer, sir, a very old 'and 'e is,' continued the speedy one, jerking a thumb in the direction of Hawkins, 'an' would you believe it, 'e only come out to-day.'

'From gaol, you mean ?'

'Yes, sir, jest done nine months for the same sort of thing, an' 'e comes under the Act this time. Yer know that, 'Awkins ?' turning to the captive. A slight nod of the head signified that Hawkins knew.

'The Act?' queried Mr. Denton.

'Prevention of Crimes Act, sir. They gets preventive detention on top o' their sentence as 'abitual criminals if they can't show that they've tried to live honest for a certain time. It's five years for 'im. Yer knows that, 'Awkins?' Again a slight nod from the victim.

During this conversation, curiosity had brought the rest of the household into the room. Mrs. Denton, a gentle woman, several years younger than her husband, the maid that had given the alarm, who in truth was no maid at all, but an elderly widow of plump and pleasant appearance, her assistant, a girl of about sixteen, and, clinging to her mother, Elsie Denton, a rosy child of eight years.

'Five years!' repeated Mr. Denton, and, looking from one to another, the audience echoed breathlessly, 'Five years!'

'But he has not actually stolen anything,' went on the tall gentleman.

'It don't make no difference, sir. 'E comes under the Act as an 'abitual.'

Mr. Denton's eyes met those of Hawkins. Then they slowly turned to his wife, and he seemed to shrink under the steady sadness of her look. He withdrew his hands from the pockets of his dressing gown, clasped and unclasped them. He pulled at his grey moustache nervously. His eyes turned again in his wife's direction, and as quickly turned away. He dared not meet that look again.

'Please leave me with the Sergeant,' he said, and the audience filed unwillingly out.

'Sergeant,' he began, when they had gone, 'I want to talk to you quietly.' He took a bunch of keys from his pocket and locked the door. Then he drew the Sergeant near to the window and out of the hearing of Hawkins.

'You know this man,' he continued; 'now, tell me, is there any hope of his reforming?'

'Well, sir,' hesitated the Sergeant, 'he's been in and out of gaol for close on forty years, from what I can 'ear. It don't sound very 'opeful, does it?'

'But has he ever done anything very bad, anything violent?'

'Just theft, sir, and attempted theft like this one. To tell yer the truth, sir, between ourselves, I do believe wot 'e says 'imself is true. 'E's never 'ad a chance. 'E's called a dangerous criminal; but, bless yer soul, I expect a few pounds 'd buy all 'e's ever managed to steal, and 'e gets caught nearly every time.'

'Can't you let him go this time, Sergeant? Five years is a terrible sentence.'

'What's the use, sir? 'e's bound to be at it again. What else can he do? He can't get work. Who'd employ 'im?'

'Well, supposing I did. Supposing I give him a job here as odd man about the place, to live here, work in the garden, and so on,' and, seeing the Sergeant's surprise, he added, 'I have my reasons for making this offer, and perhaps you may guess at them.'

'Ow can I let 'im go?' said the other, after a pause. 'If anything 'appens—'

'Look here,' broke in Mr. Denton, and his voice had a firmer tone, 'forget you're a policeman, Jones. I speak as man to man. If it were a month for him, it would be no great matter, but five years! It's terrible.'

'It ain't so bad for 'im, sir; you must remember, he's used to it.'

'God help him, yes, but I can't do it, Jones. I'll make it right with you.'

'Wot can I tell the Inspector?' hesitated Jones.

'Whatever you like, or refer him to me.'

'It's a dangerous thing to do, sir,' Jones began again.

'It's my risk,' interrupted Mr. Denton.

Sergeant Jones knew Mr. Denton, bank director, and one of the most respected men in the county. It was well known that his word was better than most people's bonds, and his name on a cheque good for five or even six figures.

'All right, sir,' he assented, and passing over to Hawkins he said, 'Look 'ere, 'Awkins, yer always say yer never 'ad a chance. Yer've got one now. And a better chance no man ever had. This gentleman offers you a job to live 'ere, work in the garden, and 'elp as odd man. It'll be a job for life, if yer be'ave. If yer don't, it's back to the old booby 'utch and the old bread and skilly. Wot's it ter be, 'Awkins? Wot's it ter be?'

Hawkins gave no reply, but he looked at Mr. Denton with such a look as the hunted fox might wear if its canine captors should lick it affectionately and invite it to come and dine with them.

'Wot's it ter be, 'Awkins?' repeated the policeman.

'All right,' said 'Awkins.

'That means,' translated Jones, 'that he accepts your kind and generous offer, sir; that 'e's very grateful to yer, and that 'e'll do his level best to deserve it, sir. Don't it, 'Awkins?' and again a nod signified assent.

Mr. Denton pushed an electric bell and unlocked the door. 'Ask your mistress to come in,' he said to the young girl who answered, 'and goodbye, Sergeant, and thank you very much.'

As the policeman passed out the mistress passed in. 'My dear,' said Mr. Denton, 'Sergeant Jones has been kind enough to give our unexpected visitor another chance, on condition that we look after him. I suggested his remaining here and working on the place as odd man.'

Her face expressed doubt and fear.

'It's an experiment, I know, but it's that or five years, and—and'—his voice broke—'I was harsh once—perhaps this may—' He could not continue. His wife went to him and, putting her hands on his shoulders, laid her head on the broad chest. He bent over her, kissing her hair, while the wondering Hawkins kept his gaze to the carpet and experienced emotions hitherto unknown to him.

The mistress turned to Hawkins. 'You are hungry?' she said.

'Yes, m'm,' replied Sir 'Enry, and truly, for this was his chronic condition. So he followed to the kitchen, where bread and meat and a glass of beer were served to him by gentle hands that seemed to bless.

Then the master led the way upstairs, and Hawkins, after receiving a few words of kindly admonition and a 'good night,' found himself alone in a small room with a bed, a chair, a chest of drawers, and a washstand.

It would be untrue to say that he shed tears of gratitude or of penitence. He did not, but as he lay in the unusual comfort of a soft bed, at least he returned thanks.

'Well, this is a bit of all right, any'ow,' he said, and despite the increased burden of his sin, again he slept.

So did Sir 'Enry enter into the service of a kind master, and become a member of a household that was almost one family.

The gentle mistress would often talk to him at evening time as he rested from his work in the garden. She would inquire of prison life, 'And are the warders very cruel?'

'Well, some is and some ain't,' Sir 'Enry would reply, 'but yer gets used wiv' 'em.'

'And is the food very bad?'

'Well, it ain't very nice, m'm,' he would say, 'an' there ain't much of it neither, but yer gets used wiv' it, yer know, m'm.'

'And they punish you sometimes, don't they?' she said earnestly one day.

'They do, m'm; and after yer been on number one for three days the ordinary food tastes lovely, I can tell yer, m'm.'

'What do you mean by number one?' Mrs. Denton asked anxiously.

'Bread and water, m'm, and jest for saying a word or two to another bloke may be.'

'Bread and water,' the lady repeated aloud to herself, 'and I know he was punished more than once.'

She rose impulsively and went into the house, returning immediately with a framed photograph. 'Hawkins,' she asked, 'did you by chance ever meet him in—in gaol?'

It was the portrait of a young man just over twenty, handsome and smiling; the lips slightly curled as if scornfully, the profile almost Jewish but for its too regular outline, and the likeness to Mr. Denton and Elsie unmistakable.

'I can't say as 'ow I 'ave or I 'aven't. They looks so different inside yer know, m'm,' Sir 'Enry replied. 'They gets thin and 'ungry-lookin', most of 'em.'

'Oh, I scarcely knew him when I met him at the gates,' she went on, 'and he wouldn't come home again. And oh! Hawkins, he cursed his father, for it was his father that made them prosecute the other man. They found afterwards that Jack was in it too, and it was too late to stop things then. We have never seen or heard of him since, and that is five years ago.'

Hawkins was callous through his own experiences, but he was not unmoved by the lady's emotion. He lied with a readier tongue than ever before. 'I expect 'e's got on all right. Most of 'em do. They works into very good positions, they does. I knew a bloke, now—' he was about to tell a purely imaginary reminiscence when the interruption came:

'Then why have you gone back to gaol so often, Hawkins?'

He was somewhat disconcerted. 'Well—well—' he said, 'I was always a reg'lar bad 'un, mum.'

This revelation was good news to Hawkins. He could not share the mother's feelings of shame, but the knowledge that one of the family was a 'gaol-bird,' as it had drawn them to him, so it drew him nearer to them.

Now that the matter had been mentioned, Mrs. Denton would occasionally talk of it again, for this was a relief to an aching heart.

'His father thinks that he may have been killed in the war,'

she said once. 'Indeed, he would rather know him dead than know him still a thief, and perhaps it were better. For Elsie's sake, too,' she added, and Hawkins remembered the words.

It will be seen, then, that Sir 'Enry had come to be on confidential terms with the most important member of the household, but he was still, naturally enough, regarded with suspicion by the widow-maid that had first discovered him. Yet even she could not say but that he seemed harmless enough.

'Yer know,' she said to her friend, the cook-housekeeper at the Laurels, when they met in the town about two months after the eventful night, 'he's clean and tidy, and works willing enough in the garden, mends boots and things, an' the way he gets on with young Elsie's really wonderful, it is. Cleans her bicycle like new every day, he does, mends her toys, an' the other evening I sees him turning the skippin'-rope for her, an' shoutin' vinegar, pepper, mustard, just like as though he was a kid 'imself.'

'You seem quite in love with 'im,' replied the cook-housekeeper. 'You'll send us a bit o' the cake, won't yer?' The rejoinder to this pleasantry need not concern us, for it was not in very good taste, but the facts regarding Hawkins were as they had been stated.

To Elsie, lonely in the house with the grown-ups, he had become a companion. He could be ordered about, scolded or caressed, in a wayward child's varying moods, and he was ever patient, as his long experience of prison routine had taught him to be.

And to Sir 'Enry, in her service was a labour of love. With her he was at his ease. With the others he could never quite be. Mr. Denton, in spite of his kindness, was really very like a prison governor, so much so that Hawkins always involuntarily removed his hat in his presence and stood to attention.

But the course of true love never yet ran smooth, and Sir 'Enry's case was to be no exception.

There called on Mr. Denton one morning a stout and angry neighbour whose land adjoined. He said that tools were missing from his shed, and that he had no doubt that Mr. Denton's man Hawkins was the thief. So to Hawkins they went, and the tools were found, even as the owner had suggested.

'I shall charge him,' said the stout and bitter neighbour.

'My dear Harris, give him another chance,' urged Mr. Denton. 'He's been very good. It can't be easy for him to turn over a new leaf, you know. We must help him.'

'You can't teach an old dog new tricks,' replied Harris.

'No,' went on the pleading, 'but you can help him to forget some of his old ones.'

'And the best way to help him is by having him properly taken care of,' retorted the other.

'But it means five years for him.'

'I can't help it. That's his look out. In these times especially, the law must be enforced.'

Meanwhile Hawkins stood by, awaiting his fate with a philosophic attitude of mind and body, whose disconsolance was apparent.

A lithe young figure, rosy and overflowing with the joy of life, came bounding through the garden gate towards them. Towards them! Yes! But really towards her playmate, Hawkins.

It has been said that his disconsolance was apparent. Elsie turned to the two disputants. 'What have you been doing to Uncle Hawkins?' she demanded.

They were not prepared for this inverted question.

'Mr. Harris and I are talking very seriously, dear; you must not interrupt,' said her father.

'What have you been doing to Uncle Hawkins?' the child repeated.

'Be a good girl,' rashly put in Harris; 'run away and play, dear,' he added.

'I'm not a good girl, and I won't run away and play. What have you been doing to Uncle Hawkins?'

Mr. Denton knew Elsie's wayward will that might not be thwarted. He knew from experience that she would not give way; perhaps, too, he saw in her a valuable ally.

'Hawkins has been doing wrong,' he said. 'He has stolen some tools from Mr. Harris, and Mr. Harris insists on sending him back to prison.'

A sense of desolation came upon the child. Hawkins had taken Mr. Harris's tools. True. But he had brought a new happiness into Elsie's life, and it was to be taken from her. The sanctity of the law, the sacred rights of property, the welfare of the state—she was only a child, and these things were nothing to her.

'What tools?' she demanded, very near to tears, and a glance revealed the stolen property. A chopper, a chisel, a screwdriver, and a plane. Was it for these wretched things that her playmate was to be taken from her and put in an awful prison for five years?

You, unlucky reader, who have served the penalty of your

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indiscretions, you may know that five years' imprisonment may be lived through, and even, perhaps, lived down. To you, lucky reader, who have so far not been found out, it may well seem a thing of dread. Still more so then to little Elsie. To her five years was half a life-time, and to be locked in a prison-cell was an unthinkable horror.

She was very young, but she was a woman child, and she had the feminine knowledge that her weakness was her strength. The tears came readily enough. 'Oh, you cruel, cruel man,' she sobbed, 'to put my dear Uncle Hawkins in prison five years for—those—silly—things.'

Elsie was a frequent visitor at Mr. Harris's house, and a favourite with his wife and girls. He was fond of her himself. With Elsie's tears, the case against Hawkins did not seem to demand such stern retribution. Indeed, though he knew himself in the right, he began to feel himself in the wrong.

Mr. Denton read signs of weakening in his face.

'Another chance, Harris,' he urged.

'Well—really now,' began Harris, but the battle was over and Elsie had won.

So Sir 'Enry remained.

His master took him into the house and talked to him very, very gravely indeed. If tools were wanted they could have been bought, and so on, and so on, but it cannot be said that this homily had much effect upon Hawkins.

When he emerged Elsie was waiting for him. She led him by the hand to a secluded part of the garden, and there she made him repeat a solemn promise that he would never, never, never, steal again.

He had made the promise before, though not with three nevers. Chaplains of all shapes and sizes had spent much effort on his spiritual welfare; even a Governor had once gone on his knees beside him and had prayed aloud, although only a week before he had put him on bread and water. Had the prayers of these good folk been duly answered Sir 'Enry had grown wings long ago, but alas! it was not so.

Now, however, he really meant to keep his promise. Not that he was overcome with a belated consciousness of his iniquities. No! But here at last was one who did not incite him to repentance, who had no plans for his salvation, but who wanted him just as he was. Heavy laden with sin he might be, but he was good enough

for Elsie to play with: 'And you ought to think of me,' she said reproachfully.

So, for her own sake, the child became Sir 'Enry's guardian angel. He was frequently questioned as to his conduct, and his report was always satisfactory, and it was always true. Elsie would sometimes inform Sergeant Jones, when he passed homewards on his bicycle, of her protégé's progress, and apart from a professional regret at the loss of a client, the good-natured policeman was genuinely pleased.

So Hawkins continued keeping the commandments as well as most of us, until the days began to shorten and the summer began to wane.

With the waning of the summer came, as usual, the Annual Flower Show, one of the great events of every country town, and Mr. Denton proposed to take his household in the car, leaving Hawkins behind. It was thought that he might be an additional sport to some of the younger yokels who had learned of his career, and he was well content to be left by himself, for he quite understood that it was a compliment to the honesty that he was supposed to have acquired.

When the little party had gone, Sir 'Enry instinctively ceased work, and sat on the seat near by, from whence one may see the house without being seen oneself. Before him stretched the garden that blossomed under his care, and beyond lay the pleasant panorama of an English countryside glowing in the summer sun. Though not trained in the appreciation of beauty as is the modern custom, doubtless he was not indifferent, for he said aloud with a smile of contentment, 'It's a bloomin' fine day.'

As a song of thanksgiving this must often have been excelled by the professional eloquence of the pulpit, yet, ascending heavenward, with the smoke from his old clay pipe as the accompanying incense, it may not have been unwelcome in a place where such songs, however amateurish, are never declined with thanks.

The day was warm, the seat was comfortable, so on this his first occasion of sole responsibility, Sir 'Enry involuntarily betrayed his trust, and slept.

On the other side of the hedge, on the other side of the road, two young men had been keeping watch for an hour or more. From their conversation, carried on in an undertone, it would have been clear to an intelligent listener, that they were of the criminal class, and of that section that lives well, dresses well, and seldom gets

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caught. The intelligent one would have learned of the existence of a motor cycle and a side-car near by. He would also have learned of successful raids on country houses and of others very shortly to take place, but, unfortunately for the country householder, the intelligent listener was not there.

These young men observed the going of the Dentons and then one of them said, 'This is my job and mine only. They're all out for sure. Just keep an eye open and give me the signal if necessary.' They waited a reasonable time and the speaker at last made a move. 'I know where to find things,' he continued. 'There'll be a good haul, and what can't be taken can be smashed, just for the sake of old times, eh?'

He came through the hedge to the garden gate, and drawing on a light pair of gloves, he opened it gently. More skilful than Sir 'Enry, there was no sound of his footstep on the gravel path. Advancing, he reached the front door and rang the electric bell. There was no answer. The unfaithful Hawkins still slumbered on unseen. The intruder went to the dining-room window. It was unfastened. He pushed it up noiselessly and entered, closing it behind him.

A few minutes later, awakened by the tickling of importunate insects, Hawkins arose. Glancing around, it seemed that he saw the passing shadow of a man thrown on to the wall of the sunny drawing-room. Moving stealthily, he opened the French windows and entered. In the far corner was a well-dressed young man who rushed to the door, but stopped suddenly and ejaculated, 'Why it's Sir 'Enry!'

'You git out,' said Hawkins.

'Now, now, Sir 'Enry, you remember me surely. This is my job. I was here first,' he added with a sardonic laugh.

His features were certainly familiar, but, 'You git out!' was all that Hawkins replied.

'Now, now, leave it to me,' continued the other, 'and you can share in. Here's a bit to be getting on with,' and he handed a gold cigarette-case to Hawkins.

'You git out,' was all the thanks he got.

His features were certainly familiar. A framed photograph on the grand piano, the portrait that Mrs. Denton had shown him, caught Sir 'Enry's eye, and the identity of the intruder was revealed beyond a doubt. He remembered now, they *had* met in gaol.

'Well, well, let the fool stay,' were the unspoken words of the young man, and leaving the staring Hawkins, he went quickly

upstairs. But Hawkins was at his heels. Into Elsie's room went the intruder. He had taken her new wrist-watch from the dressing-table, when Sir 'Enry was at him like a bull-dog, snatching it from him. The thief struck at the old man, but the blow was dodged with surprising activity, and returned with interest.

Hawkins would have been knocked out no doubt, but his opponent had not come to fight, and, since his pockets were well filled, it was evidently time to go. He ran down the stairs, and Hawkins, seeing the bulging pockets, followed, through the garden, out of the gate, only three yards behind, into the road, when, just before the bend that takes one to the town, the fugitive darted through the hedge and disappeared.

Hawkins was making breathlessly for the same spot when help arrived from around the bend of the road, Sergeant Jones going home on his bicycle.

'Allo! Wot's the matter, Sir 'Enry?' asked the Sergeant dismounting.

It has been said that help had arrived, and certainly by any ordinary citizen in such circumstances, the arrival of a sixteen-stone policeman on a bicycle would be considered lucky indeed. But Hawkins was no citizen. Nearly all his life he had been an outcast, to whom a policeman was a natural enemy. But now, it may be said, things were changed with him, and surely—yes, but even now, dear reader, he was at least half an outcast, one of the demi-monde, shall we say?

The policeman was an enemy. The thief was at least a fellow craftsman. Is there not honour among thieves, and how often does one 'split' on another? And at most, was the thief not one of the family that had sheltered him, was he not Elsie's brother?

So Sir 'Enry could not answer. He was rendered silent by the uniform of his 'helper,' and by the complexity of his own thought.

'Wot's the matter?' repeated Jones, 'and wot's this in yer 'and?' looking at Elsie's wrist-watch.

'Nothin',' replied the thoughtful and breathless one.

'An' this?' said the Sergeant, diving into Hawkins's pockets and producing the gold cigarette-case, 'this is nothin' too I suppose?'

'It was gave ter me,' retorted Hawkins.

'Oh yes, no doubt,' went on the Sergeant: 'You've 'ad a birthday, eh? An' where are you running off to?'

'Nowhere,' was the reply.

The trained intelligence of the law officer could not but regard

these replies as unsatisfactory. 'Come along o' me,' he ordered, 'these things are Mr. Denton's.' He had arrived at this deduction from the initials on the cigarette-case. So the struggling Hawkins was dragged irresistibly back towards the house.

The Sergeant rang the bell. No answer. 'Ho, ho!' the case was becoming clearer. 'All out?' he queried.

'Flower show,' replied the laconic captive, 'back at five.' He was informative for his own sake, as with the return of the Dentons things could be explained.

So they waited, the policeman inclined to be jovial, and Hawkins deeper and deeper in thought. But the more he thought the less could he decide what to do.

Hawkins had 'worked' with other thieves in his time, and if anyone was caught it was usually he. But he had never 'split' on his pals. To his perverted mind the case was similar now. When he had first known that one of the Denton family was a thief and a 'gaolbird' he had felt more at home. Their influence, especially Elsie's as the sister of a thief, had become stronger.

The case was now clear to the policeman, and it was becoming clearer to Sir 'Enry when a motor car stopped outside. Mr. and Mrs. Denton had returned alone, leaving Elsie in the care of the two others to enjoy all the fun of the fair.

As they entered the garden gate, Hawkins's theory of the similarity of the present circumstances to others of his experience was badly shaken. Mr. Denton was really very much like a prison governor.

But while Hawkins meditated, Sergeant Jones spoke, and the case was now very clear indeed to him.

'I'm afraid there's trouble again, Mr. Denton, sir,' he began. 'I 'appened to meet him running up the road with this in his hand,' indicating Elsie's wrist-watch, 'and I found this,' the gold cigarette-case, 'in his pocket. He says it was given to 'im.'

During this speech the case was becoming still clearer to Hawkins. He did not hear the Sergeant's words. With the presence of his gentle mistress other words were ringing in his ears, 'Rather he were dead than a thief.' 'And for Elsie's sake too.' Yes! To him, as well as to the policeman, the case was now very clear indeed.

He was roused by Mr. Denton's voice. 'Now, Hawkins, let's have your story. I'm sure it's all a mistake, Sergeant?'

There was a silence. Then from Hawkins came, very slowly

and deliberately, 'There ain't—no—mistake. You've got me, Sergeant; git on wiv it.'

'I was afraid of this, sir,' said Sergeant Jones gently, seeing the emotion that followed this confession. 'E'll have to come with me this time. You'd better see if anything else is missing, sir.'

Mr. Denton looked into the drawer of the sideboard which was partly open, and had evidently been forced. It was only too apparent that here alone a good deal was missing.

'Wot 'ave yer done with it, 'Awkins?' questioned Jones.

No answer.

'You'd better speak or it'll be the worse for yer.'

But still no answer.

'Oh! Hawkins,' cried the Mistress, 'how could you? And Elsie's watch too. Elsie's!'

Sir 'Enry turned his back on his benefactors, and his face was as that of a dead man. Dead? Aye! and risen! 'Come on,' he said. 'Git on wiv it!' and he passed out in the custody of Sergeant Jones.

DR. JOHNSON AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

BY H. E. BLOXSOME, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON 'had in general a peculiar pleasure in the company of physicians.' All his life he was associated with them, as schoolfellows, as medical advisers, and as members of the literary clubs. Johnson, who never spent an evening at home if he could avoid it, and the surgeons and physicians of his time, who spent most of their evenings at coffee-houses and clubs, had frequent opportunities of meeting. Johnson's ill-health throughout his life was perhaps the chief cause of his seeing so much of doctors, and the cause, too, of his intense interest in all medical matters.

He was at school at Lichfield with Dr. Robert James, and kept up his friendship with him until James's death in 1776. James was the inventor of the famous fever powders which had a great sale, and were imitated by chemists after his death, to the loss of James's heirs, who expected a regular income from the sale of the secret remedy. There does not appear to have been any objection to a doctor making money out of a proprietary medicine in the eighteenth century. Johnson had a great admiration for Dr. James and said of him that 'no man brings more mind to his profession.' He said that he learnt his knowledge of physic from him, but he did not approve of Dr. James's prescriptions. He said they were written for show; there were too many ingredients in them. Dr. James published a Medicinal Dictionary and Johnson wrote its dedication to Dr. Mead, which, says Boswell, 'is conceived with great address, to conciliate the patronage of that very eminent man.' Johnson actually wrote some of the articles in the book himself, perhaps from his own experience of the effects of the medicines, for he was extremely fond of dosing himself in all his ailments. Although Johnson admired Dr. James as a doctor he does not seem to have had an equal respect for his honesty; 'he will not,' he wrote, 'pay for three box tickets which he took (for Miss Williams's benefit). It is a strange fellow.'

Boswell drew Dr. Johnson's attention to James's death in the newspaper, and seemed rather shocked because Johnson only said 'Ah, poor Jamy.'

Another of his schoolfellows was a surgeon at Lichfield, Mr.

Hector, who survived Johnson and was a great friend of his all his life. They often visited and corresponded, and Hector attended Johnson professionally at Lichfield when Johnson came home for the vacation from Oxford. It is from Hector that we hear of Johnson's early melancholy and hypochondria. 'After a long absence from Lichfield, when he returned I was apprehensive of something wrong in his constitution which might either impair his intellect or endanger his life.' Dr. Johnson used frequently to walk the seventeen miles from Lichfield to Birmingham to try and overcome this melancholy. His other medical attendant at Lichfield was Dr. Samuel Swinfen, his godfather. He also knew, at Lichfield, Dr. Erasmus Darwin the physiologist and poet, grandfather of Charles Darwin.

Dr. Bathurst, M.B. Cantab 1745, was associated with Johnson in founding the Ivy Lane Club in Paternoster Row, 'to enjoy literary discussion, and amuse the evening hours.' He was not at all a successful man and perhaps that endeared him to Dr. Johnson especially. He hardly ever spoke of Bathurst after his death without tears in his eyes. He said 'Dear Bathurst was a man to my very heart's content; he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a Whig; he was a very good hater.' Though he was a very efficient doctor, Bathurst did not succeed in practice. He confessed to Johnson that he hardly made a living from his practice, and later he became an army doctor in an expedition against the Havannah. Dr. Johnson wrote to Beauclerk, 'Havannah is taken—a conquest too dearly obtained, for Bathurst died before it.' He calls Johnson 'the best of friends to whom I stand indebted for all the little virtue and knowledge that I have.'

Dr. Johnson's black servant was once a slave in Jamaica of Colonel Bathurst, the doctor's father.

Dr. Bathurst added to his income by writing. He wrote for Dr. Hawkesworth's periodical, *The Adventurer*, and his articles were sometimes dictated by Johnson, and Bathurst had the fee.

Another physician who was a friend of Johnson's for many years was Dr. Butter of Derby. The Rev. Dr. Taylor of Ashbourne, a schoolfellow of Johnson's, once commended a physician, and said 'I fight many battles for him as many people in the country dislike him.' Johnson said 'But you should consider, Sir, that by every one of your victories he is a loser; for every man of whom you get the better will be very angry and resolve not to employ him; whereas, if people get the better of you in argument about him, they'll think "We'll send for Dr. Butter nevertheless."'

Dr. Johnson and Boswell visited Dr. Butter at Derby, and were taken over the china works by him. There were political arguments and much medical conversation at this visit, and on subsequent occasions when Johnson dined at Dr. Butter's. Dr. Johnson had recently written an account of Dr. Nichols's book, 'De Anima Medica.' 'Whatever a man's distemper was,' said Johnson, 'Dr. Nichols would not attend him if his mind was not at ease, for he believed that no medicines would have any influence. When Goldsmith was dying Dr. Turton said to him "your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have; is your mind at ease?" Goldsmith answered that it was not.'

Dr. Butter later moved from Derby to London where he had a successful practice. He attended Dr. Johnson medically, and they often dined together at Dr. Butter's house in Lower Grosvenor Street. He left Dr. Butter in his will a book to be chosen by him as a token of remembrance. He made a similar bequest to the other doctors who attended him in his last illness (they would none of them take a fee from Johnson).

Mr. Holder was Dr. Johnson's regular apothecary. He lived in the Strand and attended Dr. Johnson for bleeding, and prepared his medicines and carried out the directions of Dr. Heberden and the other physicians. Besides Mr. Holder, Johnson had another apothecary who was also an old friend, but not of the same standing professionally as Holder. This was Robert Levett, one of the most celebrated characters of Dr. Johnson's circle. He was an 'obscure practiser in physic amongst the lower people, his fees being sometimes very small sums, sometimes whatever provisions his patients could afford him,' says Boswell. It was a matter of principle with Levett never to refuse anything in the nature of food or drink that was offered him by a patient, as he reflected that that might be the only fee he was likely to get for his services. Often, says Johnson, he was made ill by eating when he had no mind to, and was often intoxicated by the brandy he didn't want, but which his rule forced him to accept. His practice extended from Houndsditch to Marylebone. Johnson first knew him about 1746, and such was his regard for him that he would not be satisfied, though attended by all the College of Physicians, unless he had Mr. Levett with him. Levett always had a room in Johnson's house or his lodgings, and waited upon him every morning through the whole course of his late and tedious breakfast. 'He was of a strange grotesque appearance, stiff and formal in his manner, and seldom said a word while any company was present.'

The account given of Levett in the *Gentleman's Magazine* shows that he was a man out of the common run. He would not otherwise, as Dr. Hill observes, have attracted the attention of the French surgeons. He was originally a waiter in a coffee-house in Paris frequented by doctors. They found that he was very much interested in their conversation, and an intelligent fellow, so they made up a purse for him and gave him some instructions in their art, and put him in the way of attending lectures. In London most of his day was taken up in attending to his patients who were of the poorest class, and in attending Hunter's lectures, and any other that he could get to free. Dr. Johnson said that Levett was indebted to him for nothing more than house room, a share of a penny loaf at breakfast, and an occasional Sunday dinner.

He endeared himself to Johnson by many proofs of honesty and faithful attachment, and by his unwearied diligence in his profession. 'Levett, Madam, is a brutal fellow, but I have a good regard for him; for his brutality is in his manners, not in his mind,' said Johnson to Fanny Burney.

Johnson entertained in his house as permanent residents several others besides Levett—blind Miss Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins (a daughter of his old friend Dr. Swinfen), and Miss Carmichael (Poll). They were not an amicable party—'Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them.' Johnson's account of his kitchen perhaps explains his love for club life.

'And pray who is the clerk of your kitchen, Sir?' asked Mr. Thrale. Dr. J.: 'Why, Sir, I am afraid there is none; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen. Dr. Levett says it is not now what it used to be.'

In a memorandum book Johnson writes—'Jan. 20th 1782. Robert Levett was buried in the churchyard of Bridewell between one and two in the afternoon. He died by an instantaneous death. He was an old and faithful friend. May God have mercy upon him.'

Levett was a great companion of Johnson as well as his humble apothecary. He helped Johnson to compile a list of his writings, though he was not at all of a literary turn of mind. He used to buy medical books but never read them, relying rather upon what he could pick up from lectures, and from associating with other medical men.

Johnson wrote some verses to his memory.

' Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend ;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.'

A third apothecary with whom Johnson was on terms of intimacy was Mr. Diamond of Cork Street. Johnson used to dine at his house every Sunday in 1752.

Dr. Thomas Lawrence, M.D. Oxon. 1740, F.R.C.P. 1744, President of the Royal College of Physicians, was in the habit of attending Johnson. 'In extraordinary cases he availed himself of the assistance of his valued friend, Dr. Lawrence, a man of whom in respect of his piety, learning, and skill in his profession it may almost be said the world was not worthy inasmuch as it suffered his talents for the whole of his life to remain in a great measure unemployed, and himself end his days in sorrow and obscurity.'

He was descended from Milton's friend—'Lawrence of virtuous father, virtuous son.' He was introduced to Johnson by Dr. Bathurst. Sir John Hawkins (the 'unclubbable man') says 'In Dr. Lawrence's endeavours to attain to eminence it was his misfortune to fail. He was above those arts by which popularity is acquired, and had, besides, some personal defects and habits which stood in his way, a vacuity of countenance very unfavourable to an opinion of his learning or sagacity, and certain convulsive motions of the head and features that gave pain to the beholders and drew off attention to all that he said.'

Lawrence lent Johnson his book 'De Temperamentis,' and Johnson wrote a Latin ode in praise of Lawrence, 'Ad Thomam Lawrence, medicum doctissimum.' Johnson wrote in his diary in 1782: 'Poor Lawrence has almost lost the sense of hearing, and I have lost the conversation of a learned, intelligent, and communicative companion, and a friend whom long familiarity has much endeared. Lawrence is one of the best men whom I have known.'

It appears that Dr. Johnson was rather a tiring and trying patient, if Mrs. Thrale can be believed. 'Dr. Lawrence told him one day that if he (Johnson) would come and beat him once a week he would bear it, but to hear his complaints was more than he could support.'

Johnson told Boswell: 'My knowledge of physick I learnt from Dr. James ; I also learnt from Dr. Lawrence, but was then grown more stubborn.'

Boswell was an advocate in a case and wanted to know the

significance of the title Doctor of Medicine. Johnson asked Lawrence who told him that 'Doctor of Physick (we do not say Doctor of Medicine) is the highest title that a practiser of physick can have; Doctor implies not only Physician but teacher of physick; every Doctor is legally a physician; but no man, not a Doctor, can practise physick but by licence particularly granted. The Doctorate is a licence of itself.'

Johnson wrote to Warren Hastings on behalf of 'a young adventurer, one Chauncey Lawrence, whose father is one of my oldest friends. Be pleased to show the young man what countenance is fit, whether he wants to be restrained by your authority, or encouraged by your favour. His father is now President of the College of Physicians, a man venerable for his knowledge and more venerable for his virtue.'

Lawrence died at Canterbury in 1783.

A letter from Johnson to Lawrence, dated May 1, 1782, is written in Latin—'a fresh chill, a fresh cough and a fresh difficulty in breathing call for a fresh letting of blood' (*novum frigus, nova tussis, nova spirandi difficultas, novam sanguinis missionem suadent*). 'Without your advice, however, I would not submit to the operation. I cannot well come to you, nor need you come to me. Say yes or no, in one word, and leave the rest to Holder (his apothecary) and to me.' The postscript reads 'when *you* have left whither shall I turn?'

Another medical friend of Johnson's, though it does not appear that he ever attended him professionally, was Dr. George Fordyce. He was a member of the Literary Club. Dr. Johnson dined at the Club for the last time on June 22, 1784. There were present the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Eliot, Lord Palmerston, Dr. Fordyce, Mr. Malone, and Boswell. Fordyce was inclined to drink a good deal and there is the following story of him in Rogers' 'Table Talk.' He was once summoned to a lady patient when he was conscious that he had had too much wine. Feeling her pulse and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered 'Drunk, by G—!' Next morning a letter from her was put into his hand. 'She too well knew,' she wrote, 'that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she had been, and she entreated him to keep the matter secret, in consideration of the enclosed.' (A hundred-pound banknote.)

Talking of the effects of drinking, Johnson (who had been a teetotaler for many years—he could practise abstinence but not

temperance) said : ' Drinking may be practised with great prudence ; a man who exposes himself when he is intoxicated has not the art of getting drunk ; such a man will undertake anything ; he is without skill in inebriation. I knew a physician (Dr. James) who for twenty years was not sober ; yet in a pamphlet which he wrote upon fevers he appealed to Garrick and me for his vindication from a charge of drunkenness.'

Talking of ' celebrated and successful irregular practisers in physick ' he said ' Taylor was the most ignorant man he ever knew, but sprightly.' Taylor styled himself the Chevalier Taylor, Ophthalmiator Pontifical, Imperial, and Royal. Although Johnson knew the ophthalmiator it is to be hoped he did not consult him professionally. When Johnson was an infant he suffered from scrofula, the ' king's evil,' which his doctor (Swinfen) said he had caught from his nurse, but his mother said he had inherited it from her family. One of his eyes was permanently damaged. ' The dog was never good for much,' he told Dr. Burney. His mother took him to London to wait among the crowd to be ' touched ' by Queen Anne, by the advice of Sir John Floyer, a physician in Lichfield. The power of cure by touch was supposed to reside only in the crowned and anointed royalty of France and England. This was denied by Carte, ' a man of great enquiry and judgment,' who had obtained, in 1774, a grant of £50 a year for seven years from the City of London to pursue his researches into history. Carte asserted that he had known a man cured by going to France and there being ' touched ' by the eldest lineal descendant of a race of kings who had not at that time been crowned or anointed. For this heresy the City of London withdrew its grant.

The old Jacobites maintained that the power did not descend to Mary, William, or Anne. Queen Anne's ' touch ' failing to cure Johnson, Boswell suggested that he ought to have gone to Rome where the Pretender lived (an error in date on Boswell's part). The Hanoverians did not ' touch.' The service for the ceremony of touching was printed in the Book of Common Prayer as late as 1719. On March 30, 1712, two hundred persons were touched by Queen Anne, and perhaps Johnson was amongst them.

Macaulay says that Charles II in the course of his reign touched a hundred thousand persons. The expense of the ceremony was a little less than £10,000 a year.

Sir John Floyer, Johnson's adviser in his infancy, wrote a book on Cold Baths, then evidently a new thing, for he recommends

bleeding and purging before the bath is indulged in. He says he has often cured rickets by dipping children of a year old in the bath every morning, and 'this wonderful effect has encouraged me to dip four boys at Lichfield in the font at their baptism, and none have suffered any inconvenience by it.'

When Johnson was failing in health at seventy-five he remarked that Sir John Floyer 'had panted on to ninety,' though he added that Sir John did not care to be thought so old, and actually tampered with the register that he might appear no more than about seventy-five.

Johnson, when a boy, used to stay with his uncle Dr. Joseph Ford, a physician of great eminence, as Hawkins calls him. Perhaps Johnson derived some of his respect for doctors from him, and some of his love for dabbling in physic, and of making researches into chemistry. The latter hobby had to be abandoned on account of the danger of setting light to his wig through poring short-sightedly over his experiments. He was persuaded to abandon it by Mr. Thrale for that reason.

Johnson in his partiality for doctors always hated and censured Swift for his unprovoked bitterness against the profession, though it is only fair to note that Swift wrote of Dr. Arbuthnot

'Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid
Who knew his art but not his trade.'

Johnson used to challenge his friends, when they lamented the exorbitancy of physicians' fees, 'to produce him one instance of an estate raised by physick in England.' Dr. Hill observes that the Library, the Infirmary and the Observatory at Oxford, which bear Dr. Radcliffe's name, as well as his foundations at University College, are a proof that one doctor at all events raised an estate by physic. Dr. Mead was another example. Johnson had an admiration for Mead. He said, 'Dr. Mead lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man.' He agreed with Hawkins who said that Mead 'raised the medical character to such a height of dignity as was never seen in this or any other country.' Dr. Mead was the successor of Dr. Radcliffe who was a shrewd man of the world, while Mead was a quiet cultivated man, the opposite of Radcliffe in temperament. Radcliffe, when he retired, said to Mead, 'Mead I love you, and now I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune. Use all mankind ill.' None ever practised this rule less than Dr. Mead, whose practice was even larger than Radcliffe's.

On one occasion when Dr. Wall, a physician at Oxford, drank tea with Johnson and Boswell, Johnson said, 'It is wonderful how little good Radcliffe's travelling fellowships have done. I know nothing that has been imported by them; yet many additions to our medical knowledge might be got in foreign countries. Inoculation, for instance, has saved more lives than war destroys, and the cures performed by the Peruvian bark are innumerable. But it is vain to send our travelling physicians to France and Italy and Germany, for all that is known there is known here. I'd send them out of Christendom; I'd send them among barbarous nations.'

Dr. John Radcliffe left by his will, in 1714, among other great benefactions to the University of Oxford '£600 yearly to two persons when they are Masters of Arts, and entered on the physic-line, for their maintenance for the space of ten years, the half of which time at least they are to travel in parts beyond sea for their better improvement.' Pope mentions them—

'E'en Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learnt to dance.'

Johnson wrote: 'I believe every man has found in physicians (he meant surgeons too) great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusion of beneficence, and willingness to exert a lucrative art, where there is no hope of lucre. A physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of Fortune; his degree of reputation is for the most part totally casual; they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiency. By any acute observer who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the Fortunes of Physicians.'

A Mr. Ballow, in an argument about medical men with the poet Akenside who was also a physician, said 'After all you have said my opinion of the profession of physic is this—the ancients endeavoured to make it a science, and failed; and the moderns to make it a trade and have succeeded.'

We have an accurate portrait of the appearance of physicians of the earlier eighteenth century in Hogarth's prints. They are not caricatures. The full dress with a sword and a great tye-wig, (not a bag-wig, which less formal fashion came in a little after Hogarth's time, and was considered a daring innovation, like the abandonment of the top-hat in modern times), and the hat under

the arm, and the doctors in consultation, each smelling a gold-headed cane shaped like a parish beadle's staff, all these particulars are pictures of real life in the earlier part of the eighteenth century.

Dr. Johnson was 'a great dabbler in physick' and liked to prescribe for himself (too often) and for his friends. He recommended to a lady a remedy for indigestion (dried orange peel, finely powdered, taken in a glass of hot port), but added 'I would not have you offer it to your doctor as my medicine. Physicians do not love intruders.' On one occasion when in the Hebrides with Boswell he required some medicine and wrote the prescription in Latin in the approved manner. He disapproved of elaborate prescriptions and urged that they should be as simple as possible—an improvement he said, that should be extended to cookery.

An entry in Madame D'Arblay's diary 1781 reads: 'Dr. Johnson has been very unwell indeed. Once I was quite frightened about him, but he continues his strange discipline—starving, mercury, opium; and though for a time half demolished by its severity, he always in the end rises superior both to the disease and the remedy, which commonly is the most alarming of the two.'

Johnson apparently disapproved of periodical bleeding, though he was bled very frequently—more often than once a quarter as was the custom of many. He wrote: 'I am of the chymical sect, which holds phlebotomy in abhorrence.' Wesley was much opposed to bleeding, but Pope, by the advice of Dr. Cheyne, was bled four or five ounces every full moon. Dr. Johnson when ill wrote to Mrs. Thrale: 'The doctor was with me to-day and we both think the fever quite gone. I believe it was not an intermittent, for I took of my own head physick yesterday, and Celsus says that if a cathartick be taken the fit (of fever) will return certo certius. I would bear something rather than Celsus should be detected in error. But I say it was febris continua and had a regular crisis.'

The Rev. Dr. Taylor's nose happening to bleed, he said it was because he had omitted to have himself blooded after three months' interval. 'I do not like to take an emetick,' said Dr. Taylor, 'for fear of breaking some small vessels.' 'Poh!' said Johnson. 'If you have so many things that will break you had better break your neck at once, and there's an end on't. You will break no small vessels.'

Johnson recommended Dr. Cadogan's and Dr. Cheyne's books

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on gout, and asserted that Dr. Cadogan was wrong in saying that gout was not hereditary. Lady Macleod objected to Dr. Johnson that Dr. Cadogan did not practise what he preached. 'I cannot help that, Madam' said Johnson 'that does not make his book the worse. No man practises so well as he writes. I have all my life long been lying till noon, yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that no one who does not rise early will do any good.' Dr. Cheyne's book which Johnson recommended was 'English Malady, or a Treatise of Nervous Diseases of all kinds, 1733.' Much of the book is concerned with dieting. Dr. Cheyne at one time weighed thirty-two stone. He says, 'For nearly twenty years I continued sober, moderate, and plain in my diet, and in my greatest health drank not above a quart or three pints at most of wine any day. Upon the whole I drank very little above a pint of wine, or at most not a quart, one day with another, since I was near thirty.' Wesley says, 'It is one of the most ingenious books which I ever saw. But what epicure will ever regard it? for the man talks against good eating and drinking,' which would tend to show that Wesley's 'standard of intoxication' was not, like Wordsworth's, 'miserably low.'

Though willing enough to believe many impossible stories, Johnson sometimes derided scientific facts which did not appear probable to him. He sniffed at Macaulay (great-uncle of Lord Macaulay) for saying that the inhabitants of St. Kilda were free from all colds and coughs unless a stranger appeared on the island. Macaulay said that eight days after his arrival on the island all the inhabitants were infected with coughs and colds, though Macaulay was well himself on landing.

Dr. Johnson wrote a letter of advice to Mr. Perkins (of Barclay and Perkins, the brewers. Perkins was the manager of Thrale's brewery, which became Barclay's on Mr. Thrale's death):

'DEAR SIR,—I am much pleased that you are going a very long journey, which may by proper conduct restore your health and prolong your life. Observe these rules:

'1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.

'2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth more than it can cost.

'3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.

'4. Take now and then a day's rest.

'5. Get a smart sea-sickness if you can.

'6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.

'This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind neither exercise, nor diet, nor physick can be of much use.

'I wish you, dear Sir, a prosperous journey and a happy recovery.

'I am, dear Sir,

'Your most affectionate humble servant,

'SAM JOHNSON.'

Towards the end of his life Johnson's chief medical attendants were Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, and Mr. Cruickshank.

Mr. Cruickshank was a surgeon of great repute and an eminent anatomist. He published with William Hunter 'The Anatomy of the Absorbing Vessels of the Human Body.' He attended Johnson, and called in Mr. Pott as consultant, in 1773, for a sarcocele. No operation was performed, but it was thought that it would become necessary. Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale, 'If excision should be delayed, there is danger of gangrene. You would not have me, for fear of pain, perish in putrescence.' He wrote to Mr. Cruickshank, 'I am going to put myself in your hands. I beg your acceptance of these volumes (a set of the 'Lives of the Poets'), as an acknowledgment of the great favours which you have bestowed on, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant.' Cruickshank also attended Johnson in his last illness, and was left a book in his will.

Cruickshank had been Dr. William Hunter's partner. Johnson wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'The gentleman who waits on you with this is Mr. Cruickshank, who wishes to succeed his friend Dr. Hunter as Professor of Anatomy in the Royal Academy. His qualifications are very generally known, and it adds dignity to the institution that such men are candidates.' Cruickshank was not however elected. He seems to have been an especial favourite with Johnson, who calls him 'a sweet-blooded man.'

Dr. Heberden, F.R.C.P. 1746, attended Johnson very frequently. He is mentioned also by Priestley as one of his chief benefactors. Amongst other original contributions to medicine he was the first to describe angina pectoris. Lord Eldon when almost a briefless barrister consulted him. 'I put my hand into my pocket meaning to give him his fee, but he stopped me, saying, "Are you not the young gentleman who gained the prize for the essay at Oxford?" I said that I was. "I will take no fee from you," said Dr. Heberden.'

Heberden was the poet Cowper's physician.

'Virtuous and faithful Heberden, whose skill
Attempts no task it cannot well fulfill;
Gives melancholy up to Nature's care
And sends the patient into purer air.'

Heberden was a member of the Essex Street Club which Johnson founded in his old age. The club was composed of what Sir Joshua Reynolds called a mixture of very learned and very ingenious odd people. Sir Joshua didn't care to be a member of it himself.

On being asked in his last illness what physician he had sent for, Johnson replied, 'Dr. Heberden, ultimus Romanorum, the last of the learned physicians.' He might also, as Dr. Hill observes, be called 'the first of the moderns.'

Dr. Brocklesby, who also attended Johnson regularly, was another member of the Essex Street Club. He was a man of wealth and entertained largely in London. Boswell and Johnson often dined with him. 'His reading and knowledge of life, and good spirits supply him with a never failing source of conversation. That ever cheerful companion Mr. Devaynes, apothecary to His Majesty, was often of the company.'

Dr. Brocklesby seems to have had a particular regard for Johnson and Burke. He not only took no fees from Johnson, but urged him to accept £100 a year for life. Johnson pressed his hands and said 'God bless you, but I will take no money but from my sovereign' (alluding to his pension of £300 a year). Dr. Brocklesby wrote to Burke in 1788, four years after Johnson's death, to make him a present of £1,000, 'which for years past by will I had destined as a testimony of my regard on my decease.' Burke accepted the present, and said 'I shall never be ashamed to have it known that I am obliged to one who never can be capable of converting his kindness into a burden.'

Shortly before his death, when Dr. Brocklesby visited Johnson one morning, he found him very low and depressed, and he quoted Macbeth :

'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the breast?'

To which Dr. Brocklesby readily answered, continuing the quotation :

'Therein the patient must minister to himself.'

Much has been made of Johnson's fear and dread of death. It is true that even the mention of it upset him, but it was wholly a religious dread of the hereafter, and in no way connected with a fear of the manner of death in whatever guise it might come. He was certainly not afraid of pain. He gave many indications of his physical courage in his life, and he met his death in a very manly way, contemptuous of suffering and determined to be beaten by death, not to surrender to it. He called Dr. Heberden 'timidorum timidissimus' when he hesitated to advise Mr. Cruickshank to scarify his swollen legs any further. When he thought they did not cut deep enough he seized a pair of scissors and tried to make the openings deeper. At the end he asked Dr. Brocklesby if it were possible that he could recover. 'Only by a miracle,' said the doctor, whereupon Johnson declared that he would take no more physic, not even opiates, 'for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded.'

'My health has been, from my twentieth year, such as has seldom afforded me a single day of ease,' he wrote to Hector when seventy-three years old. When he was twenty, says Boswell, he felt himself 'overwhelmed by a horrible hypochondria, with perpetual irritation, fretfulness and impatience, and with a dejection, gloom and despair which made existence misery.'

This melancholy remained with him all his life, and no doubt he was greatly dependent upon the constant society of friends and club life in order to escape from himself. He studied Cheyne's book on 'The English Malady' (hypochondria) and often recommended it to his friends. 'I would consent to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits.' He partly overcame these symptoms by 'abstinence from wine and suppers.' He became a teetotaler and contented himself with lemonade and enormous libations of tea. He suffered much from 'spasms in the stomach' for years—probably not improved by the tea. Rheumatism and gout laid him low on many occasions. By the time he was sixty-three he had recovered from 'the general disease of my life' (melancholy), but more physical ailments attacked him more frequently—bronchitis and asthma and gout, and the spasms in the stomach. He sometimes calls his attacks by this name, but alludes to them also as 'convulsions in his breast' accompanied by great difficulty of breathing, so perhaps they were angina pectoris. By 1780, when seventy-one, he was in better health and happier in his mind than perhaps he had ever been. At no time had he gone more into

society, and at no time does he seem to have enjoyed it with greater relish. He dined out, in spite of his infirmities, on most nights of the week. Miss Burney says at this time: 'Dr. Johnson grows in grace as he grows in years. He not only has better health and a fresher complexion, but he has contracted a gentleness of manner which pleases everybody.'

On June 17, 1783, he had a stroke of paralysis. He wrote to Mr. Allen, his neighbour and landlord in Bolt Court, 'It has pleased God this morning to deprive me of the powers of speech, and as I do not know but that it may be his further pleasure to deprive me soon of my senses, I request you will, on the receipt of this note, come to me and act for me as the exigencies of my case may require.'

He wrote to Dr. Taylor, 'I am very desirous of Dr. Heberden's assistance, as I think my case is not past remedy. I think that by a speedy application of stimulants much may be done. I question if a vomit, vigorous and rough, would not rouse the organs of speech to action. I have been accustomed to bleed frequently for an asthmatick complaint; but have forborne for some time by Dr. Pepys's persuasion, who perceived my legs beginning to swell. I sometimes alleviate a painful constriction of my chest by opiates, and have lately taken opium frequently. My largest dose is three grains, and last night I took but two. You will suggest these things to Dr. Heberden. Dr. Brocklesby will be with me to meet Dr. Heberden.'

How much he had physicked himself (says Dr. Hill) is shown by a letter of May 8, 1783: 'I took on Thursday two brisk catharticks and a dose of calomel. Little things do me no good. At night I was much better. Next day cathartick again, and the third day opium for my cough. I lived without flesh all the three days.' He had been bled at least four times that year, and had lost fifty ounces of blood. On August 3, 1779, he wrote, 'Of the last fifty days I have taken mercurial physick I believe on forty.'

At the end of 1783, a year before his death, he had to sit up all night with asthma, and his dropsy was very troublesome; 'but at all times when he was not overcome by sleep he was ready for conversation as in his best days.' He had hopes from the spring, when his symptoms were improved by 'the discharge of twenty pints of water.' 'The sun has looked for six thousand years upon the world to little purpose if he does not know that a sick man is almost as impatient as a lover.'

The symptoms gradually returned, and it became obvious that

he could not live long. When Dr. Warren hoped that he was better he replied, 'No, Sir, you cannot conceive with what acceleration I advance towards death.'

He died on December 13, 1784, aged seventy-five, and the doctors attending him were Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Butter, Dr. Warren, and Mr. Cruickshank.

He was also seen occasionally by Sir George Baker, Sir Joshua Reynolds' doctor, and Sir Lucas Pepys, who attended the Thrale family.

Johnson was acquainted with many other medical men besides those already mentioned. Oliver Goldsmith, a member of Johnson's intimate circle and greatly loved by him, was of course a qualified doctor. Dr. James Gregory of Edinburgh, whose family gave sixteen professors to British Universities; Sir Alexander Dick, the first in the British Isles to cultivate rhubarb, a present of which he sent to Dr. Johnson; the two Dr. Macleans of the Isle of Mull; and Mr. Bewley, the surgeon, 'the philosopher of Massingham,' were all medical friends of Johnson. At Johnson's interview with George III the king asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill, and the doctor hedged a little, for the truth was that Hill was not at all an estimable physician. Hawkins says that Hill 'obtained from one of those Universities that would scarce refuse a degree to an apothecary's horse a diploma for "Doctor of Physic."' In the end he turned quack doctor, and was knighted by the King of Sweden in return for a present to that monarch of his 'Vegetable System.' He attacked Garrick, who replied :

'For Farces and Physic his equal there scarce is ;
His Farces are Physic, his Physic a farce is.'

Hill once when sick (says D'Israeli in 'Curiosities of Literature') owned that he had overfatigued himself with writing seven works at once, one of which was on architecture and another on cookery. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* it is stated that he had acted pantomime, tragedy, and comedy, and had been damned in all.

Dr. Lettsom, the famous Quaker physician, was an acquaintance of Johnson's, and was present at the celebrated dinner when Boswell had inveigled Johnson into meeting his enemy Wilkes.

A Dr. Lucas, a Dublin physician, was driven from Ireland for criticising the Irish Government. Dr. Johnson defended him stoutly in a review of his 'Essay on Waters.'

Another friend of Johnson's was Dr. Macaulay, who was one of

the committee with Johnson to investigate the mysteries of the Cock Lane Ghost.

Two other names are Mr. Barrett, the Bristol surgeon and a Chatterton enthusiast, who showed Johnson the poet's original manuscripts, and Dr. Ash, who succeeded Johnson as a founder of clubs, notably the club at the Blenheim Tavern, Bond Street, in 1788, of which Boswell, Reynolds, Burney, and Windham were members.

Then there was Dr. Barrowby, physician to St. Bartholomew's, of whom Johnson said, 'Barrowby was very fond of swine's flesh. One day when he was eating it he said "I wish I were a Jew."' "Why so?" said somebody; "the Jews are not allowed to eat your favourite meat." "Because," said he, "I should then have the gust of eating it, with the pleasure of sinning."'

In his last illness Johnson consulted, through Boswell, three Edinburgh physicians, Dr. Cullen, Dr. Hope, and Dr. Monro, and also Boswell's father's own doctor, Dr. Gillespie.

Dr. Nugent, Burke's father-in-law, was a member of the Literary Club.

Johnson was very fond of Nugent, and Mrs. Piozzi says that he felt very painful sensations at the sight of an omelet soon after Nugent's death. 'Ah! my poor dear friend, I shall never eat omelet with thee again.'

Macaulay in his Essay on Boswell's book says, 'As we close the book the club room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent and the lemons for Johnson.' Nugent was a Roman Catholic and the club met on a Friday, so the omelet is a shrewd touch of Macaulay's. 'There are assembled those heads which live for ever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall thin form of Langton, the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the beaming smile of Garrick, Gibbon tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up, the gigantic body, the huge massy face, seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched fore-top, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the "Why, Sir!" and the "What then, Sir?" and the "No, Sir," and the "You don't see your way through the question, Sir."'

Truly a wonderful portrait of a great oddity.

FRAGMENTS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

II. A STREET ADVENTURE.

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

[EDITED BY HENRY C. SHELLEY.]

[FROM internal evidence it is clear that this Fragment refers to the autumn of 1845, when Thomas Hughes, in his twenty-third year, and fresh from taking his degree at Oxford, had come to London to enter Lincoln's Inn.]

I USED to drop in about half-past nine, some three-quarters of an hour before the other pupils, in order to have a quiet read to myself. This sort of reading was quite new to me. I don't know how it was with men in other sets, but at school and college I hardly ever looked at a daily paper except to read some speech of a leading member in a great debate, and my newspaper reading was confined chiefly to the chronicles of boat races, cricket matches, pedestrianism, and (for truth must out) prize-fights in *Bell's Life*; and I know that the same amount of reading satisfied most of the men with whom I lived, and they included not only those of my standing who were devoted to athletic exercises, but many quiet reading men with a strong turn for all other sorts of literature. I am merely stating facts here, and not trying to account for them, but I suppose the reason of this is that men require to be started into actual working life themselves, before they care to see how others are living, and what they are working at.

Be this as it may, I read *The Times* daily, and one of the first and strongest impressions its perusal made on me was the cause of the adventure I am going to relate. Scarcely a day passed but I read of some brutal attack upon policemen by a lot of Irish labourers or thieves or costermongers, in which the assailants had used the most cowardly means to disable the officer, either kicking, or biting, or throwing great stones at short distances, or some other equally ruffianly trick which outraged all my public-school notions of fair play; and so, as my turn is entirely a practical one, I made a memorandum in a quiet corner of my mind, to go in like a man and help the first policeman I came across in the streets who had more than one man on his hands. I hope that there was not

wholly wanting in me a desire to uphold the law, and to help its officers in the discharge of their duties, but certainly my resolve was chiefly grounded on the love of fair play, and the hatred of any weapon except the two fists when there was one man only on each side of a difference.

It was not long before I had an opportunity of carrying out my resolution. I was asked out to dinner one October evening, at a quarter to seven o'clock, and, as I had a great dislike of being late, had dressed by six, and was quietly strolling towards the West, along the back streets which run between Soho and Regent Street. Suddenly I came upon a mob of some forty boys and men, and I am sorry to say a few women, of the most ragged sort, in a state of great excitement. There was evidently a furious scuffle going on in the centre, and on all hands I heard cries of 'Go it, Joey!' 'Give it the b—— crusher!' 'Kick him on the knee!' and other equally select pieces of advice. In a moment it flashed across me that one of my unknown friends of the force was in conflict with and trying to incarcerate a breaker of the laws, and a glance told me that he was not likely to get much fair play, or to have only one man on his hands, if no one stood by him for the next five minutes. Casting one regretful thought on my best blacks and immaculate waistcoat, I went hurling into the press, and in a second was in the middle of it.

There, sure enough, was a policeman, in close grapple with a little man whose like I had never seen before. He was all over the same colour, a dirty brown: hair, skin, clothes (consisting of a ragged jacket and trousers of sackcloth), and shoes were of the same hue, and his battered hat and basket, which lay on a heap of street sweepings close by, were of a piece with the rest of his outer man. He was much smaller than his opponent, but had the advantage of having both his hands free, while the policeman couldn't let go his grip on the sackcloth collar, and had only one hand to ward blows and pinion the arms of the vigorous Joey (as the mob called the little man in their vociferations) before he could lead him off captive to the station house. Besides, the fury in the little man's eye, and the determined way in which he fought, showed that he was more than a match for the policeman, who didn't seem half in earnest. Just as I got close to them a successful back crook of Joey's made the policeman totter, and after a stagger or two to try and right himself, down went both on the pavement, policeman still holding on, and over and over they rolled

in the dusty kennel. 'Now's your time, Joey!' shouted the crowd. 'Stick your knees into him!' 'Mark him for life!' 'Kick him from behind, boys!' shouted another sympathiser, and the crowd thickened round the writhing men, so that the advice might have been followed in another second. 'Now for it!' thought I, and sprang at the fellow nearest to the prostrate man, a tall gaunt figure in an old shabby black coat; seized him by the collar, and swung him round against the mob.

'Stand back, you cowardly blackguards!' I shouted. 'There's only one to one: let 'em have it out—if he bites, policeman, use your staff.'

For a moment the crowd were taken aback at an interference which was plainly contrary to precedent, and a clear space was formed round the combatants, and then came a volley of abuse at me, which I needn't repeat, as I have already given enough of the style used on such occasions. Luckily, there were no loose stones about, or a more decisive volley might have followed; but the crowd began to press in again, and it was all I could do, by turning my back to the combatants, who were now against the rails, and showing a determined front to keep a small place clear for the next half minute. I was wise enough not to strike a blow until I found it quite necessary, and before it came to that the mob sundered, and two other policemen arrived on the field of action with staves out. One of them joined me and the other turned to Joey, and now the face of things was quite changed, and the mob retreated two or three yards. But the capture was not accomplished. Joey, nothing daunted at the odds which the fate of war had cast against him, merely altered his tactics, and turning on his back kicked and struck out with undiminished vigour. One policeman held an arm and gripped his collar at imminent risk: the other was trying to secure his legs. 'Turn him over on his face, and then he'll only kick the ground,' I suggested, and incurred thereby a new volley of abuse from the mob, who had now settled that I was a detective—a discovery which seemed to excite their wrath more even than my dress, which had been their object of attack before. I was almost sorry I had given the advice a moment afterwards, for the thorough pluck of Joey began to interest me. But, to cut a long tale short, it was not till the arrival of other policemen and a stretcher, that the little man, and his hat and basket, could be secured and carried off in triumph.

'You had better come along with us, sir,' said the Inspector to

me as they were going to start; 'the mob may follow you and be troublesome.'

'Thank you,' I answered, 'my way is towards Regent Street. Besides, they are following the stretcher, and I don't care for them if they do come.'

'Will you attend in the Court to-morrow then, sir, and give evidence?'

'I didn't see the beginning of the row, but I'll attend. Good-night.'

'Well, sir, you know your own affairs best; if you won't come, good-night,' and away went the Inspector.

My blood was up, and so, even had the mob been still round me, I should have gone my own way; so I turned towards the West and strolled on again, half wishing that I had not seen the end of my night's adventure.

Yes, certainly when I recall the scene of that evening, which is vividly impressed on my memory, for reasons which the reader may gather if he chooses to wade to the end of this chapter, I confess, and I am sorry to confess, that I turned away from the Inspector with strong, but by no means divine, anger at my heart. In the first place, I was not thoroughly satisfied that I was in the right in what I had done. Secondly, the mob were cowards, which always makes a man angry. Thirdly, the policeman had struck Joey with his staff, after another of the force had come to his aid, which showed that he was little better than the mob; and so, on the whole, I felt uncommonly ready to quarrel, right or wrong, with anyone who came in my way—and haven't you, my reader, often found yourself in an equally unchristian temper, when you have interfered where you had no direct call, with the best intentions but before you knew the rights of the case, and don't know whether you have not put your foot in it? I was not sorry, therefore, when I heard footsteps hurrying after me, and in another moment found my tall friend at my side, backed by some half-dozen men and boys who had left the crowd, when they found that I had gone on my own way, for the purpose of baiting the man who had had the bad taste to help a 'crusher' in difficulties.

My gaunt friend slackened his pace as he came abreast of me, and began a catechism interspersed with many vituperative epithets, as to 'What the devil business it was of mine'; 'How the detectives were paid'; and, getting no answer to his questions, went on to some gross abuse of the aristocracy, in which favoured

body he chose to place me, and ended by threatening to punch my head, just as we came under a bright gas lamp, where the street was reasonably level. I had already prepared for action, by unbuttoning my left shirt sleeve and brace, and so turned short upon him with my back to the lamp, so as to get the right light, with 'Now, sir, what do you want with me?' Poor fellow, as the light fell full upon him I saw in a moment that he was not the man I could raise a hand against. A shambling lank creature, with thin white hands that could scarcely have crushed an egg-shell. His drawn sallow face told of bad food, long confinement, and filthy air, while his eyes and nose showed that the devil had tempted him to the worst solace for a poor man's miseries. My anger oozed away at once, and turned to a feeling of shame, so that when he repeated his question, 'What right have you to turn against the poor bone-picker?' I felt that I was on my defence, and said almost doubtfully: 'Why, because you were all going against the policeman.' Twenty voices were raised at once, declaring that 'the crusher,' as they would call him, was the greatest tyrant in the force, had committed all sorts of iniquities, and was deserving of the worst penalties of lynch law; while a boy or two at the outside suggested that I had incurred like pains and penalties, which should be there summarily inflicted. 'I don't care what he is,' I said at last, in a momentary lull. 'You were all against him, and that's enough to make any Englishman take his part. Besides, he was doing his duty in taking up a vagabond, who I dare say was picking pockets.'

'Who told you that?' said a man I had not seen, rushing through the crowd and facing me. 'How dare you call an honest man, whom you never saw before, a pickpocket? You weren't there to see what they were fighting about.'

I felt I was in the wrong, and so took the course which most people follow under the circumstances, and I retorted, 'No more were you.'

'That's a lie,' said he, straight out. 'I was there the whole time, and I say the poor fellow was only following his calling—and a bad enough one it is too, without the meddling of such fellows as that crusher to make it worse.'

I was getting heartily sick of my position, and did not feel at all inclined to take up the cudgels against poor Joey, whom I already felt I had libelled. A pickpocket would never have been in such clothing as his.

'I'm sorry I called him a thief,' I said, 'and if he was in the

right, I'll go to the Court to-morrow to back him. And now, you come along with me and tell me what you saw.'

The man looked me full in the face for a moment. He was a short, stout fellow in a flannel jacket and corduroy, with a face just then full of good strong indignation.

'Very well,' he said, 'come on.'

The crowd, seeing there was no chance of a row, broke up, and I and the short man walked on together.

'Now,' said I, 'how did the row begin?'

'Why,' answered my companion, 'just this way. I was coming up the street and saw Joey, as they call him, quietly picking over a heap of street dirt. You see he lives by searching them heaps, and getting the bits of bones and rags and anything else he can find. Policeman comes up and says: "Get on there, you dirty scamp, or I'll make you." He looked up quite quiet and says: "I ain't stopping up the way, and I'll move on as soon as I've picked over this heap." He turns down again, and then policeman cuts at him, kicks over his basket, and grabs him by the collar. And, in course, the poor man turns at him and tries to get away, and that's all about it.'

'And you tell me on the word of a man,' said I, 'that you saw the whole quarrel yourself, and that was how it began?'

'I do,' said he, 'and what's more, I know that policeman well, and he's as big a tyrant as any of his masters in Downing Street. Only a week or two ago a friend of mine was going quietly home at twelve o'clock along his beat, when my lord comes staggering out of a back street, and pushes him right into the kennel, and then collars him and says he'll take him to the station. But he got hold of the wrong sort that time, for he was served out nicely, before any of the rest could come up.'

'Well, but,' said I, interrupting him, 'you seem to think the police are set up by tyrants in Downing Street, to oppress the poor. Why, man, they're just as much your servants as mine or anyone else's; and if there are some bad fellows like this one, they hurt me just as much as they do you.'

'Do they?' said the man, with a sneer. 'Let alone a crusher for knowing his duty to a man with a good coat on. But they only copy their masters. Do you mean to say, now, if you and I was took up to-night for the same thing, we should get treated alike to-morrow in the Police Court?'

'Yes, I do; and you know it as well as I.'

'You don't know nothing about it,' retorted my friend.

'I know as much as you,' I said, 'and I'll tell you what it is: it's such fellows as you, who make sweeping charges against everyone that don't wear fustian breeches, and say that there's no good in anyone else, blinding the fools of your own class, and making the fools of ours hate and fear you, that are the curse of this country and every other. What right have you to say that I don't care for the dirtiest fellow that begs about London? That I don't believe him to be my brother, and as good a man in the sight of God as I am? Now, I tell you that I do. But, I tell you, that whenever I go to a poor man in London and speak to him as one man to another, he either sneaks and lies to get my money, or insults me.'

'Well,' said the man, with more of civility, for he saw I was in earnest, 'doing's better than talking any day. There may be good men and kind men that don't wear fustians; it's a pity they don't help them as do to get a little more of their rights. I never see them, that's all I know, and so I says "God bless the poor!"'

'Amen to that,' I struck in, 'and when He's blessing them and bringing them out of their misery, as He will do one of these days, they'd better learn to be rather more charitable to their richer neighbours than they are now. God never said "Blessed are the proud poor"; I think you'll find it "Blessed are the poor in spirit."'

'I don't think you was blessed then, when you turned round under the lamp-post,' retorted my persecutor.

'Nor you, when you called me a liar,' said I; 'but, come, I've no time to lose. What Police Court will Joey be had up in to-morrow morning?'

'Marlborough Street, I suppose,' said he, 'and I shall get there if I can; but, Lord bless you, they'll never let off a man as has resisted the force like that.'

'Well, one can but try,' I said, 'and now, good-night to you. Shake hands. I hope we may meet to-morrow.'

The man stared for a moment, and then shook my hand with a hearty good-night, much to the astonishment of three ingenuous young gentlemen in loud ties, who were strolling down the street as we parted: I, to my dinner, where I hope my flushed face and ruffled get-up didn't frighten the respectabilities.

And he—I only wish I knew where he went, for he was a man worth knowing more of, and I have never set eyes on him from that day to this; and probably never shall again—in this world.

(To be continued.)

JAKES.

THE STORY OF GREEN-BEARDS AND A RAILWAY.

BY DENNY C. STOKES.

At the end of an hour's ride Totoor bungalow came in sight, white and squat, shaded by a group of blue gums and one unusually large mango tree. Simms, the owner, Sahib of Totoor, and one of the few original planters left in the Anu valley, prided himself on possessing the finest poinsettias in the district. Next to his coffee they were the joy of his life. Indeed, their brilliance was striking as I rode up the last stretch of road towards the two white posts which marked the termination of the estate and the beginning of his garden. The poinsettias were in three great banks, one on each side of the verandah, the third blazing forth its vivid colour between the drying ground and the stable.

I had ridden over in the cool of evening to ask Simms about an embankment which I had by accident come across while riding over one of the many paths that intersected the jungle north of my bungalow. To me it had looked like a railway track abandoned during the first stages of construction, though this seemed unlikely, as the nearest railway was thirty miles away and had, as far as I knew, never penetrated the Anu valley. Rain-wash had distorted its original line and jungle growth made it difficult to follow its course. One stretch of fifty yards alone remained undisturbed by the shifting of the hillside, unreclaimed by the hungry and vigorous growth of jungle plants.

I found Simms running his hands through the confusion of his writing table, on which cash books and crop registers were being buried by heaps of loose sheet paper.

'Ah, my boy, 'tis the devil of a time I am having. I am looking for a bill; never spent so much time before in looking for one,' he announced as soon as I made my appearance in the small room which housed the accounts, medicines, and spare tools of the estate. I excused my visit by asking about the embankment. Simms rattled on while still searching for the elusive bill.

'I have no intention of paying it for a while, but I must see how many shirts I bought last month—ah, here it is, six,—so now I can

chase the dhobi for the value of one ; the blackguard swears I had only five —. Well, now let me ease you of your puzzle. I'll be giving you an explanation of the embankment while we have tea. Come to the chairs.'

We moved out on to the verandah and sat down with a table between us, and as soon as his boy had deposited the tea upon it Simms started to answer my question.

'We have got till dinner time ; for that matter we can talk all night, for you are not going back to your bungalow. May I say you have not discovered the remains of an ancient civilisation ; you have, however, given me an opportunity of talking about old Jakes. Jakes and that embankment are interwoven in local history. He lived in your bungalow in the old days—that is, when he was not here, for we were close friends and for ever visiting one another for the sake of arguing.

'Often indeed we made the nights hideous hereabouts, blathering out our contrary views with most elegant violence. We always started over the curry ; that led to our respective cooks, our coffee, the estates and coolies—and one morning the boys found us at it when they brought breakfast, for during the night we had finished with the valley, Mysore, India, and had got home with Carson and Redmond. It was a terrible night. But you see our fathers were the same. His came from Belfast and mine from Cork, both soldiers, and they died in the same action trying to save each other's lives, no doubt arguing who was being most successful until they bit the dust.

'Jakes—he lived right in the soul of this country. Within two years of our coming he began to thrive on the silences of these parts. All natives, with all their vagaries, attracted him as much as they made me swear. He said the country had a soul ; I said it had not, and that would have led to many terrible nights had I not seen that he was in earnest.

'At that time I had a more hygienic temperament than Jakes, and eased the passing of my spare hours by collecting butterflies, while he wandered in and out of the Gowda villages blathering away to the natives and coming back to disturb me with all manner of queer tales. You must understand what sort of man Jakes was. He had a heart as large as a barn, a temper as quick as any in the South : indeed he might have come from Cork except that he had the blunt ways of the North. On top of this he had a wealth of kindness, though by no means soft, and for this mixture the natives

adored him—adored him as much as their sullen, suspicious natures would allow them to. I believe a great many of them opened up their hearts to Jakes, and that's why he was content out here, for, as you know, you can't like or understand a country if you are a stranger to its people.

'The physical beauty of these Kadur hills hides a lot of ugliness, but once you know the native it's quite possible to find excuses for it. Jakes was a child of the talug within a very short time of our arrival. He loved the a-yall of jackals as much as he loved the melancholia of the Hindu; for my part I hate both. The very stones interested him; the monotony and rains, the heat, loneliness, he did not notice. Once I gave him some leeches to try and repel him, but I found him playing with the little devils on his table. Yes, Jakes was a queer child. A great man was Jakes.

'While he lived up here the railway arrived twenty-five miles away at Nasimpura, and then it began to creep towards the Anu valley with the object of coming through on its way down to the coast. Mile by mile the way was cleared by coolie gangs; day after day the rough track crept nearer the valley until at last, just before the rains, the first charge blasted away some stone from that neck of rock which lies a mile behind your bungalow.

'Jakes and I were standing above the scene at the time, watching operations. How he swore. Turning to me he said:

"Simms, my boy, we shall lose our silences which have made it so peaceful here. And the life of the valley—the same as it was a hundred years ago—will be lost in the claptrap invasion of the world outside. The Anu valley will no longer be 'old and hidden India'; the railway is going to destroy it. Simms, that railway must be stopped."

'I saw Jakes was in earnest. There was loathing in his eyes as he watched the coolies below lever away the shattered mass of stone—. Well, during the rains the engineers devoted themselves to surveying, as the original line on their plans ran through a piece of jungle on Jakes' boundary. Jakes suddenly discovered that that piece of jungle was his and proved it. He refused to sell and so a new way out had to be found. The engineers shifted up from Nasimpura to an old bungalow which is yet standing below yours.

'Of course Jakes and I opened our places to them. Keen young fellows they were, very sure of getting the railway as far as the Ghauts before the next rains. Well, as soon as the monsoon eased away the gangs came back and work went on for two weeks

quite peacefully; then I heard from Fellows, the engineer in charge, that his whole labour force had been scared by something he could not understand. It took him nine days to replace his coolies with Tamils from the Madras side.

'Until then never a word had I had from Jakes, but on the night of the desertions he sent for me. I arrived for dinner and found Fellows and the other two engineers there. Jakes toasted 'bad cess to the railway,' and then belaboured the engineers with his tongue, prophesying the failure of the railway. They were just a bit strung by the labour troubles and perhaps a bit too Scotch to take Jakes' hits. Funny how Scots can touch up Scots. Jakes is an Ulsterman and calls himself Irish, and of course coming from Cork I often argued about it with him. Some terrible nights we had over that—oh, terrible!

'After that things came to a head quite suddenly. One evening I was sitting here, reading a delightful book on butterflies—some men go crazy when alone unless they have a hobby to keep them out of that which is called the rut. I knew a man who dressed for dinner every night, though indeed it was only the lizards who saw him—I collect butterflies and remain sane. I was saying, here I was sitting peacefully when up rides Fellows. He lumbered on to the verandah, for he was of an awkward construction, and threw his topee into a chair. I saw he was wearing a face as long as his leg.

"Where's Jakes?" he shouted.

"In the bath," said I, for Jakes had been with me all day.

"When will he be out?"

"I don't know," said I, "unless it is when he has washed. Do you mind if I say good evening and offer you a drink, Fellows," I added.

"Sorry, Simms," said he, "and thanks for a drink. I want Jakes; there's more trouble with——"

"It's funny," I interrupted. "I was reading here about a butterfly of Jamaica. I swear I saw one here yesterday—blue, scaled green with——"

"I hope you saw a dozen; they don't interest me," snapped the engineer.

"Butterflies, like parrots' wings, do gladden the shadows of the jungle," I quoted from a Lhambadi song, but I saw Fellows had his monkey up and so I shut my mouth while he looked terribly at his boots.

'We sat in silence, sat in the silence that this valley assumes just before night falls. Bah!—it's the only time I turn on the old gramophone and keep it going until dark, for then the lizards begin to chuckapuck and the desultory throbbing of the penance drums begin to moan up and down the valley. Faith, these are sad enough but they break the silence.

'After a while Jakes came out on to the verandah.

"Hallo, Fellows, you're looking glum," said he.

"Yes," answered Fellows, "the coolies have been scared again. I want to know who is doing it—you know—are you?"

'He rapped out the two questions like a muzzle-loader. He looked straight at Jakes, but *he* was looking over the valley into the night. It was a peaceful night—quiet, I thought, terribly quiet; but it was one of those nights which Jakes loved. Presently my old friend turned slowly to the engineer and said:

"Yes, I know. I don't think I am doing it."

'Fellows got out of his chair with a jump.

"Who is doing it, then? you're the only madman about here who is wanting this valley to remain as it is; you're the only fellow who can move these natives—only four days ago a week's work was destroyed in one hour. Quickest thing I've heard. Sleepers were torn up, piled and burnt, and many were thrown into the river. The coolies were driven from their work and about a quarter mile of the track wrecked. My watchmen, prize cowards they were, just stiff with terror when I found them. Stead and I ran along the track when we heard of the business, but it was all over; we saw nothing, heard nothing except monkeys muttering in the trees. About a hundred natives must have jumped out of the jungle; no fewer could have done the work in the time, and they were led, I swear it, organised; they each knew their job.

"While Stead and I were standing in the ruin this thing sang out of the shadows and hit my boot."

'Fellows threw a short shaft of bamboo on to the table. It had ducks' feathers at one end and a rough iron head at the other. Jakes looked at it.

"An arrow," said he, "the sort the poorer natives use for stunning deer and killing jungle fowl. Lucky it was not the sharp kind they use for pig. I wish, I sincerely wish you would write back to your headquarters and advise them to carry the railway round the north way of Bahilor. Two miles extra about, but that way you can get through. Here I'm thinking you will fail."

' Fellows exploded as he jumped round and faced Jakes.

" Look here, what does it matter ? It's jungle here, it's jungle further north at Bahilor, fit for nothing but trees, and they remain valueless until a cheap form of transport is available. Yes, I've written to headquarters, written for the metals, more coolies, and armed police guards. The railway is going through. It may injure the sensibility of a few niggers ; it may shake you into finding out that madmen can't stand in the way of the opening up of a piece of country ; it may spoil your shooting, but the railway is going through."

' Jakes sat down slowly and began to talk in that quiet way I have heard so often when he was soundly moved.

" Fellows," said he, " just be listening to me for a while. Roads and railways have caused trouble in every country where there are simple people. They know, primitive as they are, that a road is the initial step taken to break down their age-old seclusion ; to defile, in their eyes, ground which they have always regarded as sacred to their race, tribe or caste. They know instinctively that strangers will come, that they and theirs will be revealed, and the whole savage conservatism of their hearts forces them to resist the invasion, be what it may—cheap machine goods or troops. It's no good talking of commerce to such people or of economics and broad outlooks. They've got their own jargon of the first, and of the second and third they don't know, or want to know, anything.

" It's no good saying such natives are narrow ; it's too apparent, and yet one can sympathise with them. You are up against the ' fear of the new ' in a unique and virulent form. It's no good listening to the noisy baboos in Calcutta or the vain baboos of Bombay ; all Indians are not clamouring to be enlightened ; ninety per cent. are fighting against the destruction of the old régime, cruel, crude as it is. You have certainly got the student group, for the most part idle and naïve, bent on carving out a career or maddening others to carve the throats of the authorities. These sedition-sodden young men have a fierce contempt for their fathers' ploughs which they have forsaken, but it's the ninety per cent. of the old school who are worth helping, those who are content with the bazaars, the scrape and cut cultivation and the haphazard trading of a hundred years ago. They love it all, they want it to remain, and it's this sort of vigorous sentimental spirit of conservatism which you are up against.

" You are trying to build a railway through a pocket of jungle

not more than five miles square, inhabited by a small, peculiar, and primitive community. They are stubborn and steeped in a desire for caste insularity; they have remained hidden away there for years; their small strength numerically has made it possible for them to be overlooked.

"Unless the authorities put troops at your disposal to clear them out of their little backwater you will not get your railway through.

"Shikaris, traders, Gowdas, Todas, and Budagas have left that jungle alone, and why? Because inquisitive people who have penetrated beyond its fringes have been ejected or have failed to return to their families.

"These people are Hindus of some unregistered caste; they seldom come down to the bazaars, and when they do, only in twos and threes. And these small groups buy the necessities of a whole village; thus they are reputed to be individually of enormous wealth. If you met one you would say he was a Sadhu, for their hair is matted and generally filthy and uncoiled, and living continually in the shadows of a dense jungle has made their eyes very prominent. Anyway, that is what I imagine causes the wild look about their eyes, and what gives them the local reputation of being mad and affected internally with shytans. One distinctive custom they have: that of dyeing their short beards green with some vegetable juice.

"Dear Fellows, don't be superior and don't be cynical. These people are childish, gallant, and relentless. So, O engineer, try and see their way of looking at the railway and go north by Bahilor.—I'll be telling you, a very earnest padre fellow walked into that jungle many, many years ago. And much to the grief of the dear people who financed him he did not reappear. It may have been snake-bite, cholera, or sunstroke, but it may not have been. Well, poor fellow, he was posted as a martyr, and Indians in general as cannibals, by the simple souls of some country parish at home. They could not imagine the circumstances, they knew nothing of the country or its people. If you had told them the padre had probably walked straight on to some piece of ground considered sacred by these green-beards and that he had paid the penalty—a penalty dictated by jungle-born hearts, crude, wild, and cruel—they would have shivered in horror.

"Yet, if any of these people who financed the padre had a man, in strange clothes and speaking a queer tongue, walk into their

garden and insist that they were good for nothing, they'd call in the police. No, they would not kill him because they were not born in the jungle.

"Your Tamil coolies are nervy. I'm not surprised. Fellows, that arrow was a warning—take it."

"And what is your attitude towards these green-bearded niggers?" asked Fellows.

"They have my absolute sympathy. I have failed so far to get near them. I hope one day to know their hearts."

"Yes, Jakes, yes; very good story; you're pretty near them now. They have your sympathy and, I think, your assistance—but the railway is going through."

"Well, my boy, Fellows rode off, late as it was, and I tried to persuade Jakes from taking any part in the affair of stopping the railway.

"Simms," said he, "don't worry. Just keep on reading about your butterflies and leave me and the green-beards alone."

"You are mad," said I; "you'll be dropping a spark among dry bamboo and the result will be terrible."

"Had not a diversion presented itself we should have had a terrible night of argument—a terrible night. But just then two porcupines started to fight in the garden, and after they had settled their differences Jakes and I sat back in our chairs and watched the moon playing tricks with the shadows, and listened to that buzz of little voices which makes the silence of this Anu valley.

"For some weeks never a word did I hear from Jakes or Fellows. Then Stead, the second engineer, rode up one morning and told me a convoy of supplies had the night before been raided on its way up from Nasimpura. The bullocks had been cut loose from the carts and the carts and their contents were burnt where they stood.

"This news left me uneasy, but little did I expect to see Stead again next evening, or that his coming would be of a curious manner. Faith! it was strange indeed.

"Just after dark a bullock cart creaked up the road, but not until it had stopped opposite the verandah did I see that Jakes was riding behind it. He dismounted and came up the steps followed by two groups of four natives, each carrying a bundle of comblés between them. These they put down on the matting and then left, but not before I saw they all had greenish pointed beards.

"Jakes quietly pulled out a penknife and cut the cords which

held the bundles together, and then unwound the combles. I was surprised, for, by the mother of heaven, there lay Fellows and Stead. We picked them up and put them in chairs. They needed help, for they were stiff and apparently badly shaken. Brandy pulled them together. While I was fetching the drinks Jakes slipped quietly away.

'Later in the evening Fellows told me what had happened. "About two o'clock this afternoon scores of natives routed the coolies with lathis, driving them away from the track. They had come out of the jungle so suddenly that the watchmen were thrown down and disarmed before they could fire. I was in the bungalow eating with Stead. We heard the yelling and jumped up from the table. I opened the door and in tumbled a crowd of wild-looking devils, who jumped on us and tied our arms before we could hit out. I've never seen anything quite so quick in my life.

"Through the door I could see swarms of these men, spraying kerosene over the buildings and stores. They seemed to do their work quickly, even methodically, and in spite of my surprise I thought at the time that someone had planned things out for them. I did notice one great fellow standing amongst them directing them, and I think I recognised the heavy shoulders of Jakes in spite of his dress and matted hair. He seemed to take great care not to come near us, so I could not see if his eyes were blue. A month's work vanished in an hour before my eyes. The end came in the roar of the gun-cotton exploding when the flames reached the blasting stores.

"Hell—what a noise! Well, after that the devils wanted to throw us into the fire, but the tall fellow stopped them, and we were rolled up in those foul-smelling blankets and put on a cart—and here we are.

"Jakes joined us on his pony down below the hill somewhere. I understood enough to hear him ask the natives what the bundles were—that was only a blind; he knew. He just told us we had had a lucky escape, and that, Simms, is all there is to tell —."

'My boy, next day Fellows and Stead went off back to the scene of the raid, and the next day up rides Jakes grinning like an ape.

"Simms," said he, "I have just seen Fellows. He has orders to go down to Nasimpura; the railway is going north through Bahilor; our Anu valley is to be left in peace."

'I have told you Jakes' heart was as large as a barn; well, it was full of joy when he told me that, so full that the joy was

overflowing and burning in his eyes, until suddenly the light left them and he sat down heavily and looked across to me.

"Simms," said he, "I have a sad piece of news for you."

"Indeed," said I.

"You know that set of tea things with the blue edge?" I nodded. "Well, Simms, the last cup I broke this morning."

"Terrible," said I.

"Awful," said he.

'And then we both laughed till tears washed our faces. So now you know why that embankment is there and why there are no trains in the Anu valley. As for Jakes, he went to try and find the hearts of those green-beards up in that strange piece of jungle. Well, he did not come back. Of course it may have been cholera, snake-bite, or sun. But again it might not have been any of these three which prevented his return. That was years after the railway passed through Bahilor.'

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UNDERGROUND IN THE SAND HILLS.

'A dry, deep burrow with rocky roof,
Proof against crowbar, terrier-proof.'

MASEFIELD.

AMONG the hills of West Dorset, that land of 'stickle' slopes and earth fortifications as old as Time, there may be found more than one sandy ridge, crested with wind-warped fir and beech, and riddled with holts from end to end. Where fighting giants of bygone ages reared their embankments to stem the advance of invaders from overseas, the badgers and foxes, 'native burghers' of the hills and glens, have likewise dug themselves into the ground, the better to carry on the unequal war with advancing civilisation. When reading a recent writer's remarks about fox mange, and his advice to destroy every infected earth, I wondered how it could be put into effect in places such as these, for in many cases one would need to level the hill itself before the dark deep tunnels with which it is honeycombed could be laid waste.

These cavernous and impregnable earths are the final refuge rather than the chosen home of the fox. Unlike the badger, he does not care to lie at any great distance below the surface of the ground, for he makes no bed and prefers the sun's warmth to any comfort the earth affords. About mid-day, therefore, when his first heavy sleep is over, when all is quiet and the warm rays are flooding his burrow, he steals forth and curls up on his doorstep to doze the afternoon away. This is a habit common among foxes of all climes and all ages. Even when at home he spends more time outside than inside his fortress, always provided the weather is inviting and he is allowed to rest undisturbed. None the less, to a large extent he is a creature of subterranean habits, and one must needs study him under as well as above ground to learn his full life's history.

According to the books, the conventional fox-earth has but one entrance. The earth he actually inhabits has any number—the more the better from his point of view. This error is doubtless due to the fact that the fox is rarely his own excavator. The earth which he actually digs for himself is a simple affair, no doubt, but in course of ages the wily one has discovered that it is very much easier to profit by the work of others. Whenever possible, there-

fore, he annexes the disused home of a badger, or enlarges a deep rabbit-burrow, rather than tunnel upon his own account. Every amateur carpenter knows how easily a large gimlet passes through wood in the track of a smaller one, and on the same principle the fox finds little difficulty in following a passage already bored by a rabbit. Even in the case of the great main earths there can be little doubt that rabbits and badgers were the pioneers.

The badger, incidentally, is an invaluable asset to a hunting country. We know the stock argument against him—that many badgers mean many earths—but that, curiously enough, is just where his value comes in. Many earths also mean many foxes, for it will always be found that the fox holds on longer in country where there is abundant underground stronghold. Litters, for one thing, stand an infinitely better chance, and there are many other reasons sufficiently obvious. There is always the problem of additional earth-stopping, of course, but that, after all, is a minor consideration.

While foxes, badgers, and rabbits use the same earths, it by no means follows that they occupy common quarters. Such is far from being the case. There are burrows within burrows, even as there may be many suites of rooms in one building, and the respective tenants take good care to keep clear of one another. Certain entrances and main tunnels constitute the only common ground. No fox under any circumstances will enter a burrow which has no alternative accommodation than that actually occupied by a badger. When a hard-pressed fox passes over an open earth for no apparent reason, it usually means that someone else is inside and there is no spare room. Should he enter under such circumstances, the last case may well prove to be worse than the first. I once saw a hunted fox summarily ejected from a big earth in which he had taken refuge, being driven out into the very mouths of the hounds by something—a badger, we could not but suppose. Moreover, it has struck me as curious that one rarely, if ever, unearths badgers when digging out foxes during the dead of winter. I have known it happen many times in spring and autumn, but never during the few months in which the badger 'dens up.' Then of all times, it would seem, the fox gives him a respectful berth.

It was in a quiet old Dorsetshire wood with big sand earths all around that I first made the acquaintance of the wily fox at really close quarters. The occasion was somewhat remarkable, for he bolted from a big hole in fine style full into a rabbit net, from which,

as may be supposed, it was no easy matter to release him. Why he bolted, and why any fox bolts under similar circumstances, has never ceased to puzzle me. In this case, at any rate, the ferret was in no way responsible, for it was then working a rabbit at the other end of the large burrow, and had not been anywhere near the fox's quarters; nor do I believe, for that matter, that any fox has ever yet actually been driven out by a ferret, even in face of the numberless instances that have been recorded. Too many ferrets have been killed by foxes in the course of my experience for me to entertain the slightest doubt upon that score. One may safely assume, I think, that foxes which bolt on these occasions would bolt in any case, ferret or no ferret, as even rabbits will do at times. They lie underground a great deal, it must be remembered, both in ground-burrows and hedgerows, and one may try such places again and again without seeing anything of them. In the ordinary course of events the ferrets do no more than give them a respectful berth, and nobody is any the wiser. Now and again an adventurous ferret fails to reappear, and upon even rarer occasions a fox, startled by the stamping and rumbling in the burrow, barely awake, and realising that something is happening and that he is not at home, decides to make a bolt for it. And so the astonishing thing comes to pass.

Several times I have witnessed the absurdity of trying a ferret on a hunted fox. The result was invariably the same. The ferret merely declined to enter, or went in a few feet and returned, spitting and bristling—with one exception, that one never returning at all. Upon another notable occasion I saw a tiny cub, little bigger than a rat, literally drive a ferret before it, uttering a curious little menacing noise, something between barking and grunting. Cubs, of course, bolt readily as a rule from anything. They are as timid as young kittens, which, indeed, they resemble in a great many ways, but they are nothing if not original, and now and again one comes across a sturdy little atom no bigger than one's fist who displays marked individuality of character. Quite recently I saw an amusing case in a litter of three which was taken from a 'clitter' on a neighbouring hill for turning down elsewhere. Two of them were tractable little creatures, allowing themselves to be caught without difficulty. The third, however, was made of very different stuff, and, what with 'barking' and sputtering and working his tiny teeth to some purpose, he contrived to put up a fine fight before he was eventually bagged. Nor has captivity in any way reduced his

spirit. While the other two submit readily to be handled, he remains entirely uncompromising—'saucy,' as his keeper says; and saucy he will doubtless remain to the end. They are housed at present in a little outhouse containing a copper, in which at the moment of writing a hen is incubating a sitting of eggs. One wonders whether she realises the true character of her fellow-lodgers.

If given time, even a hunted fox will bolt from a terrier as a rule, unless literally run to death. Upon such occasions, however, there are usually too many people about; hounds are baying, perhaps, somewhere within earshot, and altogether there is so little inducement to come out that the fox, naturally enough, remains underground at any price. Again, sufficient time is rarely allowed, not so much for the actual dislodging process as before the terrier is put in. 'Always give a hunted animal time to breathe if you want him to bolt,' said an old sportsman to me once, and he was not far wrong. If terriers are to be tried, a huntsman is well advised to get hounds away from the earth as quickly as possible, and make everyone else remove to a considerable distance, leaving the spot absolutely quiet. That is half the battle; and even after the terrier is in allow plenty of time. It may take a long while to bolt a fox. I have known more than an hour elapse before anything happened. Of course time is an object in the hunting field; but it takes even longer to dig a fox out than to bolt him, and many a dig might be saved by the exercise of a little patience. There is an old idea that fox-terriers when going to ground 'must be garnished with bells hung in collars, to make the fox bolt sooner,' but how this would work in practice I cannot say. The modern sportsman considers it advisable to remove the collar before letting a terrier in. It affords little or no protection, as a fox's attack is seldom directed towards that part of the neck actually shielded by the collar, and there are many risks attached to the wearing of it. A fox, when defending himself against a terrier, usually strikes for the muzzle, or, curiously enough, for one of the fore-pads. A badger, on the other hand, fastens his far more dangerous grip upon the throat, just below the jaw, or, failing that, aims for the lower lip, with terrible effect, as a rule. In cases of uncertainty as to whether a fox or a badger is facing a terrier, one can soon discover which animal it is by the methods it employs.

There has been a great deal of discussion about digging out foxes—whether it is a fair thing to do, and so on—but this is one of the many questions upon which a decided opinion can scarcely be

expressed, so much depending upon circumstances. The argument that a fox, having shown good sport and eventually evaded his pursuers by gaining an earth, should be granted sanctuary is sound enough on principle, but not always practicable. In sandy country where burrows abound, or upon rocky hills covered with clitters and strongholds of every description, it is literally impossible to keep some foxes above ground. Even with the main holts well stopped there are numerous other places to which access is possible, and, were the use of tools and terriers entirely prohibited, the game would become too one-sided—a mere farce, in fact. Hounds could never kill enough foxes to satisfy the most benevolent of farmers. Foxes, it should be observed, vary considerably in this respect. Some, if unable to force an entry into the main earths, will not under any circumstances take refuge in a shallow place, unless upon their last legs. These, I quite agree, should be left whenever possible or advisable. Others again simply run from one burrow to another, almost like rabbits, and failing one place, creep in somewhere else, be it shallow or deep. These are of little use to anyone. I have always noticed that foxes reared in big-bank countries go to ground the most readily. Not only are there more earths available, but they are more in the habit of using them and depending upon the protection they afford. Everything is a matter of habit, in natural history even as elsewhere.

But even allowing for assistance from crowbar and shovel, the chances remain at least three to one in the fox's favour—a point which the kind-hearted objector without first-hand knowledge of the subject is somewhat apt to overlook. None the less, the practice admittedly leaves much to be desired, and in those cases where digging is necessary it behoves all concerned to see that it is done as humanely as possible.

For successful digging, a first-rate terrier is an essential factor. I do not advocate any particular type, having seen good and bad of all kinds, but for general purposes I have always found bitches more serviceable than dogs. They are smaller for one thing, also more persevering, more talkative when at work, and, best of all, not as hard-mouthed as dogs are. Many men, I know, prefer a hard terrier, one who rushes in and clinches with a fox or badger straight away, but there is no greater mistake. True, aggressive tactics may occasionally bolt a fox who might not have shifted under milder persuasion, but this is only one advantage as compared with many drawbacks. The clinching method only means a lot of unnecessary

mauling for both animals without any useful purpose being served. The rough dog, moreover, is always a silent worker, and silent work is anything save desirable, from the diggers' point of view. Again, he is useless in all cases when one wishes to take foxes alive. A large dog-fox, particularly one that has been hunted, is no more than a match for a terrier at close quarters, whereas a vixen or a cub anything under full size stands little chance. Indeed, after an hour or two of subterranean conflict the best fox is seldom good for much. All that is required of the terrier, therefore, is to occupy the fox's attention, in order to prevent him from tunnelling any farther in, and at the same time to keep the diggers informed of its whereabouts by constant yapping. A dog who will work a fox in this way, even though keeping a discreet distance all the while, does far better service in the long run than the clincher.

A fox, by the way, does not 'bury himself' after the manner of a badger, being incapable of such rapid excavation, but he is liable to scratch his way up an inleading rabbit hole—'draw up' is the technical expression—if allowed time and opportunity to do so. Many misstatements upon this point may be traced to the fact that most earths are deeper than appears to be the case at first. Like the cunning strategist that he is, the fox likes to have at least one card up his sleeve and only retires to the extremity of the hole as a last resource, invariably meeting the terrier half way, and even following it to the very mouth of the hole should it elect to withdraw. Diggers are wont to get very excited at the apparent proximity of the quarry before operations have well commenced, whereas in truth he may have impregnable depths into which to retreat if necessary.

It has lately been proved, I am told, that the hitherto despised Pekinese terrier (if terrier it be) is an exceedingly useful dog for underground work. Size and shape are certainly in its favour, but, as for its real value, I can speak from hearsay alone. Personally I cannot imagine a Pekinese figuring in the rough-and-tumble work which is unavoidable to some extent, but I am convinced that the type of dog now in common use is too long-limbed for general purposes. A big dog is always at a disadvantage underground. It has strength, of course, but that, I repeat, is neither necessary nor desirable in the ordinary way.

Quite the best terrier I ever knew was a little, white, soft-coated bitch, somewhat upon the modern lines, who combined discretion with pluck, and endless patience with enterprise—at the right

moment. She was seldom badly bitten. Indeed, she never closed with a fox if she could help it, rarely venturing within three feet of the menacing teeth. At the same time she would not budge an inch if attacked, and woe to the fox who succeeded in nipping her. Usually she would come out to my whistle, even from the deepest burrow, or from the thick of the most heated argument; but, if once bitten, she became forthwith deaf and blind to everything else, and would desist for nobody as long as that fox remained alive. I have never forgotten one day when we feared—with cause—that this peculiarity had proved her undoing. That morning I had let her work an old dog-fox who had gone to ground in Beaver Batch, near Monkton Wyld, and she had borne the brunt of an hour's dig, with some sharp practice at the close. That should have been enough for any dog, but it seldom rains except it pours, and later in the day her services were again required, this time upon Charmouth Cliffs. We let her in about two o'clock—not without misgivings, for the earth, situated in a sandy gully, straggling down the hillside, looked cavernously deep. But the fox was badly wanted. He was comparatively fresh, moreover. The chances were all in favour of his bolting, and we hoped for the best. The worst happened. Listening there on the quiet hillside, a little distance back from the holes, I heard it all—at first the steady yapping, then the rumble and bump as the exasperated fox, declining to bolt, went for his tormentor; the clash, the receding rumble, and thereafter the terrier's altered note, more aggressive, insistent and less audible, as she drove him deeper and deeper into the recesses of theholt.

Digging was out of the question and, the hopelessness of the case becoming apparent, the hounds moved off to draw again, while I waited for my terrier. The afternoon wore along and still the fierce subterranean duel continued. A score of times during the seven hours I waited there the sounds of battle seemed to approach one or other of the many outlets, only to recede again to such a depth that practically nothing could be heard. My impression upon several occasions was that the fox wanted to bolt, but that she would not let him. Several times I watched in breathless suspense, expecting to see one of them emerge any moment. As many times I rushed to the hole, hoping to reach the dog, or to induce her to come to me. It was no use, and, as dusk fell and one by one the stars appeared, I abandoned all further effort and settled down to wait.

Until that afternoon I never fully realised the depth and extent

of a great sand-earth. The holt, as far as one could estimate, extended some forty yards along the steep side of the gully, and, judging from the sounds, it almost seemed to penetrate an equal distance into the heart of the hill. This could not really have been the case, of course, but at times the dog was so far in that even her voice could not be heard. And that is saying a great deal, for sound travels along a subterranean passage as clearly as along a pipe, and a dog or ferret always seems to be nearer than is really the case, rather than otherwise. Nor must it be supposed that she was silent during those periods, as one might be tempted to suggest. She was yapping incessantly, and again and again I listened to her voice getting fainter and fainter until I could hear it no more from any point along the whole length of the burrow. Depth was the sole cause of the absence of sound.

It was near midnight when I arrived at home, dead to the world and without the terrier, and she was still underground the following morning when the Master and I returned with tools and men to get her out. We scarcely hoped to find her alive, though neither confessed as much to the other, and, when we reached the place and could hear nothing of her there seemed every reason to suppose the worst had happened. Hoping against hope, however, we did not immediately try another dog, but first opened out one of the holes, cutting a wide trench, in which I was standing when a movement in the passage attracted my attention. What was my delight to see the lost terrier coming out to greet me, wagging her whole body and evidently vastly pleased with herself—as well she might have been. Her pleasure, needless to say, was more than equalled by mine, and I had eyes for nothing else but the little heroine, when an exclamation from one of the men who had accompanied us caused me to look down quickly. There at my feet, stone dead but barely cold, lay the fox which the terrier had dragged out, after working him, as she must have done, for some eighteen hours without a break. She was none the worse for the ordeal and lived to do a great deal more excellent service.

In tragic contrast was the only other instance of a terrier remaining aground overnight which has occurred within my experience. He was a famous dog, the hero of many exploits, his tactics being of the blood-and-thunder sort so popular with the crowd. He belonged to a sporting farmer whom I know well, but it was quite an unauthorised venture which brought death to him. His master, for the gratification of a visitor, let him into a big earth to see

whether he could not bolt a fox, and up to a certain point it was the Charmouth story over again. The fox would not budge, the dog would not come out, and his owner was obliged to leave him when night came on with the affair still unsettled. So far there is little difference between the two stories, but in this case it was the stout old terrier and not the fox which lay dead outside the earth next morning. He had met his match at last, it would seem, and, terribly mauled, had crawled out to die. There were no badgers thereabouts, and his slayer was a fox beyond question, but one would like to know the story of the fight which must have taken place.

A terrier when working underground needs air above everything. Under all circumstances it is a golden rule to keep the hole well clear. Always see to it that the passage is not blocked immediately behind the terrier, so that he can give ground if he wants to, should the fox attack him. For the same reason never let two terriers in together, unless it is an exceptionally big hole, like a wide drain-pipe, or water-way. Few holes are large enough to allow two dogs to work abreast; the hinder one naturally endeavours to push forward, crowding the one in front, who, being unable to back should occasion demand, is liable to get severely punished in consequence. They are liable also to fight one another, which complicates matters considerably, while in a small hole there is danger of the foremost dog getting suffocated if a second is admitted. Foxes, too, are very liable to death from suffocation. I have seen one taken out in the last gasp, after being deprived of air for a few moments only while the hole was being 'freed,' and once in the Taunton Vale an even worse calamity occurred. We had driven a fox to ground after a short run, and, the day being far advanced and the earth of uncertain depth, he had to be left. However, foxes being overplentiful in the locality and scarce elsewhere, it was decided, justifiably or otherwise, to stop him in for the night, and take him away next morning to some place where his presence would be appreciated. There was but one hole, which was firmly stopped, the question of ventilation never occurring to anyone. In the ordinary way this might not have mattered, but as it happened the earth was shallower than had been supposed. There was no outlet of any kind and, when the hole was reopened next morning, not one, but two beautiful foxes lay dead in the entrance.

Digging out wild animals is an art, a great deal more than elbow-grease being required. It is a good rule to *follow the passage*

whenever possible, even though it may appear easier to cut it off from another point. The latter course invariably appeals to the unpractised workman, and there are cases when it is good policy. But these are exceptions. It seldom pays in the long run. It is exceedingly difficult to gauge the exact position of the hole, and one is more than likely to dig beyond it or, in loose soil, to bury it altogether. More foxes are lost that way than any other. When digging without a terrier, always leave a stick in the passage. And under all circumstances the bottom of the trench should be kept *lower* than the level of the hole. Remove plenty of 'heading.' Tunnelling is mere waste of time as a rule, and only serves to fill up the hole. Cut the trench wide enough for a man to stand in and work comfortably; 'allow room for your strength,' as the saying goes. And shovel the footing well away. The majority of holes have a downward tendency at first, owing to the accumulation of debris outside. This should always be removed before operations commence. It may seem unnecessary labour at the moment, but it saves any amount of time and trouble in the end. The type of man who usually participates in a dig cannot always be prevailed upon to do these things. He is all for the course which seems easiest at the moment, and failure is the result. Only after seeing many efforts bungled and fox after fox buried, does one appreciate their importance.

The 'drawing' of a live fox is not anyone's job, and even the most expert hand occasionally gets bitten. A good plan is to have a short stick, to 'draw the enemy's fire.' Proffer this and time one's own effort to coincide with the moment when his teeth are occupied with the wood. Another way, when a fox is facing one in a cramped hole, is to work the hand along under the loose earth and 'jowl' him, *i.e.* get a grip below the jaw. But in either case 'quick' must be the word. The best place at which to aim when obtaining a grip is the 'poll,' or scruff of the neck, as nearly between the laid-back ears as possible. A grip too low or too near the shoulder may involve a nasty bite. As a rule he slashes (bites and lets go), but I have seen more than one hold like grim death, and, at best, a fox's bite is like the snap of a gin—an experience to be avoided. The most unfortunate instance I ever witnessed was that of a South Country huntsman, who shall be nameless. An assistant was drawing a fox and, having got his hold, he shouted to everyone to stand clear. The onlookers, as usual, required no second bidding, but the huntsman, either misunderstanding or disregarding the

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warning, failed to get out of the way quite soon enough. The fox, as it was swung round, seized him *a posteriori*, and held like a vice, nor would anything short of a crop handle used as a pry induce it to let go.

In the case of a fox with 'stern foremost' there is little difficulty. If the brush and hind legs are held well together and *off the ground* the animal is powerless. I once met an old farm labourer leading a vixen along as he would have wheeled a barrow. He had caught her in a corn-field and was taking her to his employer who lived half a mile away. Few animals can offer much resistance when denied the use of their hind legs, and for that reason, when bagging a fox, lift him high; then lower him into the bag head first. This prevents him from turning quickly, either to jump out, or to snap at the hand which held him.

In this parish there lives a man who possesses an uncanny aptitude for catching foxes alive, unaided by any appliance other than his own hands. This may seem incredible, but to my certain knowledge he has actually picked up an astonishing number as they lay asleep in the heather. It is as easy, he assures me, to catch a fox *early in the day* as to take up a stone. After mid-day it is a very different matter. By that time the fox has slept off the effects of his early breakfast, is alert and quite unapproachable. Fortunately, the man is a sportsman, and exercises his remarkable craft only in the interests of hunting, or in country where hunting is impossible. Once upon the artillery range he had a curious experience. He espied a fox curled up on a heathery bank—asleep, as he thought—stalked it with unusual care, fell upon and caught it, only to find the beautiful creature dead and stiff in his grasp. A shrapnel bullet from a shell which burst a little distance away had killed it on the spot.

Twice recently I have been asked the reason why one so seldom finds wild creatures dead, excepting those which have come to untimely ends. The reasons are cogent. In the wild state few birds or beasts die natural deaths, and any that do always creep away, each to his own place. When death comes naturally to the wild creature it calls him gently. The greater number, I think, die in their sleep, like an old badger whom I once unearthed at daffodil-time, curled up in his snug nest where he had slept as usual through the long, dark months, with this difference only, that for once he did not awake when early buds were swelling.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

INDEPENDENCE DAY: A SKETCH BOOK.

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA.

II. GENERAL WASHINGTON.

It is, as they say, a wise country that knows its own father. The floor of history is littered with the broken toys of fractious nations; but their parents survive these dire upheavals. Torn flags, discoloured laurels, violated constitutions lie about in heaps; and sad-eyed historians wade knee-deep in the wreckage, tidying up the nursery like anxious governesses after a party. Discarded heroes welter in their sawdust; patriotic reputations are damaged beyond repair; and there is a dismal profusion of maimed heraldic monsters. Leopards and unicorns and salamanders limp sadly into limbo; eagles of every shape—white eagles, eagles in crowns, two-headed eagles, eagles with thunderbolts, the little Roman eagle, and the brass eagles of the Empire—flap heavily after them; and the tiny owls of Athens go hooting, disconsolate, down the wind. There is even a faint, receding buzz from a disbanded swarm of Napoleonic bees. The simpler emblems—Bourbon lilies, bright Phrygian caps, sunbursts with gleaming rays, Braganza globes, and Tudor roses—are all faded and broken, as the nations outgrow their bright-coloured playthings. But their parents are, happily, of a more durable quality.

There is (it has been observed in family life) a permanence about parents. They are not easily outgrown. They do not fluctuate with tastes in toys. They can go out of fashion without going, like humbler objects, out of existence. Enduring with a fine persistence, they provide a constant background and an immutable tradition. Happy, therefore, the nation that knows its parents. The knowledge gives to it a poise, a standing, which are denied to less fortunate races. Its achievement starts from a fixed point, and its splendid growth can be measured by an established standard. It can refer, at need, to the parental tradition; and its lineage may provide by turns a stimulus, a warning, and a boast. No clear analysis has yet been made of the effects of such parentage upon national history. It may emerge that nature sets an indelible

stamp of superiority upon the brow of those happy races which know who their father was.

Possibly the world is a harder place for foundling nations. Perhaps the Roman owed his victories to a pervading consciousness of Romulus. Conceivably Englishmen, insufficiently aware of Caractacus and Boadicea, with breasts that rarely thrill to the name of Hengist (or even Horsa), owe the frequent embarrassments of British policy to their distressing lack of a common ancestor. How much simpler, in moments of uncertainty, was the Spartan's direct appeal to the tradition of Lycurgus, the Frenchman's (before Sedan) to Napoleon, or that clear memory of Bolivar which is the somewhat unsteady lodestar of a whole sub-continent. A country with a father seems to steer a more settled course. Its monuments are all the same. Its public speeches all end in the same way, its streets in the same square. Its policy is drawn after a fixed star. For they shine—the fathers of their country—with a cold, perpetual light; and none, in that chilly constellation, with a more unwinking beam than George Washington.

His status is, as it must remain, unchallenged. Father, beyond question, of his country, he sits a little stiffly in that alarming company of the founders of states, with Romulus and the others. Perhaps there are rather too many foreigners about for him to be altogether at ease. Perhaps the big, tilted head was always a little stiff on public occasions—and public occasions are all that remain for him now. No more a romp 'with one of the largest girls'; or the exquisite anguish of writing verses (among the frontier surveys in his journal) to his 'Lowland Beauty'; or 'that chaste and troublesome passion' for Miss Carey; or the pleasant thrill as Mrs. Washington rolled into camp before Boston behind her black postilions in the white and red. Nothing remains now but an eternity in his niche, where the Father of his Country, so admirably adapted to the exigencies of sculpture, stands frozen in his perpetual attitude. His dignity had always a slightly Chinese immobility. On the winter day in 1800, when the white ensigns hung at half-mast in the Channel and the First Consul listened, with commendable patience, to the obituary eloquence of M. de Fontanes, it inspired, perhaps, the melancholy tribute of the Celestial Empire. 'In devising plans'—there is a grave, unwinking dignity about the Imperial style—'Washington was more decided than Ching Sing or Woo Kwang; in winning a country he was braver than Tsau Tsau or Ling Pi. Wielding his four-footed

falchion, he extended the frontiers and refused to accept the Royal Dignity. The sentiments of the Three Dynasties have reappeared in him.' At first sight the exquisite grotesques of that stiff embroidery, with which a pedantic patriot has enlivened the more sober homespun of his narrative, are little more than an engaging curio. But as one studies the official Washington, there is the faint, disconcerting dawn of a resemblance. The Washington of parade—the stiff figure once eyed by respectful crowds, driving down to Congress behind the President's white liveries—has something of that immobility, as it revisits annually the grateful memory of his countrymen. One seems to see the hand with the big knuckles pointing perpetually at an illegible scroll, or resting eternally upon a sword-hilt. The broad face, with the bleak grey eyes and the heavy jaw and the ill-fitting teeth which startled Mr. Ackerson of Alexandria, Va., is half forgotten. Anxious historians, familiar with General Washington and President Washington, conduct a desperate search for the missing George Washington. The big, angular man, who once danced with the Boston ladies at Governor Shirley's, has almost faded into a gesture of traditional statesmanship; and an awed posterity stares nervously at the tall figure in black velvet which stands *in loco parentis* to one-twentieth of the human race.

But there are certain drawbacks about parentage. The best parents are, oddly enough, the quickest to be forgotten; since a good father is so apt to be replaced in memory by the more shadowy figure of a still better father. Irreverent children frequently retain a precise image of their parents. But a more blameless offspring is rarely equal to this kindly service; since piety, which blurs the vision and impedes the memory, is singularly weak in portraiture. It seems to prefer to reality the smooth, incredible finish of memorial sculpture; it shrinks from fact into the calmer air of epitaph. And in the outcome favoured reputations, which might have engaged the reverence of the world, are frequently overwhelmed by their own monumental masonry.

Washington has suffered almost equally from his own qualities and from the piety of his descendants. The Father of his Country has been deprived of all identity by his grateful children. A worse father might, perhaps, have been more accurately remembered. But the very faultlessness of that singular career seemed to invite the worst that pious ingenuity could do for him. He was encrusted with moral tales which equally repel belief and admiration; his

noble figure was draped in the heavy folds of those Teutonic virtues which the Anglo-Saxon imagination erroneously attributes to the Romans ; and he became a dismal embodiment, derived in equal parts from the copy-book and the political platform, of those public qualities which every nation claims as its private birthright. Never, one feels, has a life of public service been worse rewarded by posterity. He saved, in a military sense he made, the Revolution : and its happy heirs have repaid him with a withered nosegay of schoolgirl virtues. Misconceived panegyric has made him almost ridiculous ; and chivalry dictates his rescue from the dull swarms of commonplace, with which he has been belittled.

This sad defacement is not the work of envious foreign hands. For whilst he lived Washington enjoyed a singular freedom from hostile calumny, and after his death his enemies were generous : perhaps it is permissible to remark that his enemies were English. No other race idealises in the same degree those against whom it has fought. One cannot recollect any graceful French tribute to Mr. Pitt or Count von Moltke ; Germany still regards Napoleon through the strained eyes of 1813 ; Italian estimates of Count Radetzky are lamentably deficient in perspective ; and even in Spain, so prone to acquiescence, a just appreciation of Bolivar is long overdue. But successful insurrection or victorious warfare against British armies is an unfailing passport to esteem in England. No calendar of her favourite saints is complete without St. Joan ; no catalogue of patriots would evoke a single British cheer if it omitted a noble American, a blameless Boer, and an Irish name or so. Allies are scrutinised with a more dubious eye ; but enemies receive, almost without distinction, a national tribute. Perhaps it is an inverted form of vanity ; perhaps the national greatness requires the attribution (sometimes on slender grounds) of a corresponding greatness to national enemies.

But the result, in the case of Washington, has been singularly happy. One cannot imagine that a biography, from Persian sources, of Miltiades would exhibit in the same degree his better nature, especially if he had united with his own the more exasperating qualities of Aristides. Yet for Washington British tradition has adopted almost without question the richest embroideries of American myth ; and the responsibility for his strange disguise rests solely upon his countrymen. His motives, his simple-minded statesmanship, even his military record have been accepted in England at their face value. The worst enemies of his just

appreciation have been his political heirs, the beneficiaries of that lavish testament of freedom; and the problem, if one enters upon the arduous pursuit of truth, is to disengage the figure of Washington from the impenetrable shadow of the cherry tree.

The first essential of sound portraiture is background. The park, the looped velvet curtain, the invariably decisive sea-fight behind him may tell so much about a sitter that is concealed by his impenetrable stare. Yet history, disdainful of significant detail, is lamentably apt to divorce her favourite characters from their surroundings; to present them in a statuesque isolation that is all pedestal and no perspective; to leave them, insulated and gasping for air, in a sort of historical vacuum. Perhaps that was why, in her stately pages, they so rarely contrive to live. Each in his niche, they eke out a dismal and motionless existence. They meet no one except historical characters of equal eminence; and denied all society except the forced and frequently distasteful associates imposed upon them by historical parallels, they live like solitaries in a sort of historical Thebaid. This harsh treatment, which has become our invariable tribute to true greatness, is singularly misleading in its results, since, in separating a great figure from its background, we rob it of all perspective, deprive its attitude of meaning, and substitute a majestic effigy for the human figure which once moved in a living scene. Background, the full and accurate rendering of *milieu*, is the first element of historical portraiture; and it is more than usually needed in the case of Washington, if that impassive figure is to be rescued from the dull chisel of the monumental mason and persuaded to live outside the chilly walls of a national Valhalla.

Of all his contemporaries he is perhaps the easiest to 'place.' Some men prefer to live uneasily in advance of or comfortably behind the times. But others are unmistakably of their period, the 'collector's pieces' of history. Chatham might be an alarming *revenant* from the age of Elizabeth; and perhaps the Methodists oddly anticipate the spiritual quality of the Victorians. But Washington, in outline and in detail, was purely eighteenth century. That age, in a higher degree than almost any other, has stamped its products with the mark of their origin. Its prose, its painting, its chair-backs, its poets, its spoons, and its divines were almost uniformly true to period. There is a timelessness about Chartres or the great tower of Marrakesh, a generalised quality about Shakespeare or Velasquez, which might assign them to any age of high

achievement. But who could ascribe Mr. Burke to the wrong century? What critic could misdate Sir Joshua, what connoisseur misplace the work of Mr. Chippendale? It is not simple to analyse the common denominator which unites the various achievements of the century. Perhaps it was a pervasion of good manners. Art, strategy, politics, even theology seemed to become exercises in deportment. Polite philosophers aired their courtesy, and accomplished poets displayed their good breeding. Or perhaps the singular uniformity of the age derives only from a certain finish of surface, from an exquisite veneer which coated all its diverse products and lent to each of them a precisely identical gleam. The scene was lighted with a discreet and universal glow, against which a deft troupe of traditional figures—the parson and the squire, the man of leisure and the man of taste, the libertine and the Methodist—performed their grave gyrations. The age, it seemed, was a delightful play with parts for everyone; since all talents could be accommodated with sonorous tragedy, elegant comedy by candle light, or the broader scenes of life below stairs. Sometimes, perhaps, a person of spirit refused his rôle and survived, untrue to his age, a living anachronism. But Washington accepted, and played to perfection the part of squire.

His rendering of this character, so patient and so complete, appears to distress the more pedantic of his political heirs. They are, somehow, disappointed to find at the head of the triumphant insurrection against King George a figure so exquisitely Georgian. Indeed, for the patriotic *amateur* of heroic contrasts there must be something singularly exasperating in the performance. If only, one feels, he had realised the rich American future—what a gesture he might have made! But the *beau rôle* was irretrievably neglected. Washington obstinately refused to be a picturesque forerunner and clung to his grave decorum. A national hero who declines, however courteously, to oblige with a demonstration of the national characteristics must expect stern treatment. And as the tall, the rather terrifying squire of Mount Vernon moved stiffly through his strange career, he scandalised the more exacting patriotism of unborn observers. For there was something unforgivably, almost defiantly (dare one say?) British in his demeanour, which left a loyal posterity with no decent alternative to a drastic repainting of his portrait. It was idle for him to urge in mitigation that civil wars, unhappily, engage upon both sides the same national qualities. Cromwell, he might plead, had been as English as King Charles;

and Lee was no less American than Lincoln. But neither of these leaders of revolt founded a nation; and, by an unkind inversion, the Father of his Country is expected to take after his children. If Washington was at fault in this respect, posterity noted the dereliction and, with a silent rebuke, removed the traces.

Yet as one uncovers mechanically before the traditional effigy, one parts with a faint regret from the real figure at Mount Vernon, from the solitary old gentleman riding round his farms in the sunshine, with 'plain drab clothes, a broad-rimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his saddle-bow.' He seems, if one studies him rather among the voices and the colour of his background than in the silent vacuum of history, a living person, who had been so true to class and to period. This unwitting father of a new world rode to hounds with a peer and a peer's brother. A fox-hunting squire in buckskin breeches and a blue coat, he jolted indomitably behind a pack, whose names—Singer and Truelove, Music and Sweetlips—have more of 'John Peel' than of the Rights of Man. He led the field on a big grey, while the ladies went round by the road and Mrs. Washington in her scarlet caught a glimpse of his jockey cap between the trees. The big man once thrashed a poacher with a gusto which would have evoked the sympathy of any Warwickshire bench; and when he rode in to sit with the Burgesses at Williamsburg, this master of hounds might well have been any Justice of the Peace that ever dismounted at a country courthouse to administer a well-bred approximation to the Common Law. On great occasions he rose to rare heights of equestrian elegance, with a family crest displayed at convenient points of his saddlery and a generous profusion of his white and scarlet livery in the cavalcade.

And he was no less true to race. Unmoved by the *Wanderlust*, which urges his unresting heirs upon their never-ending travels, he passed his long life in one continent, with the solitary distraction of a single excursion to the West Indies. Lacking their fine cosmopolitanism, he was rarely, one feels, at ease in the company of foreigners. So voluble as to be sometimes a little trying to a rather silent gentleman, they were lamentably prone to an excess of flourish in the field. They struck attitudes; they clanked; they looked, as no gentleman ever should, the part. With the exception of a purely technical respect for a competent German or so and a single friendship (and that with a Marquis) they jarred upon a singularly unassuming soldier, who had unlearned all *panache*

since the brave Colonial days when Mr. Walpole had described him to Sir Horace Mann as 'an excellent fanfaron'; and their more martial demeanour accorded ill with his grave, his perilously British distaste for uniform. In the same mood of unostentation he warned young Custis not to spend a ten-dollar bill on a gown at Princeton, since the classes might 'be distinguished by a different insignia . . . otherwise you may be distinguished more by folly than by the dress.' It was a warning which might have been addressed from any manor house in Leicestershire to any college at Oxford. Foreigners, one recalls, were always making themselves conspicuous; and nothing could be more distasteful. So it is not surprising that a proposal to endow American education with a complete faculty from Geneva elicited grave Presidential fears of a 'seminary of foreigners.' Wholesale immigration is deplored in terms which would not be unbecoming in a Norfolk magistrate during an influx of Flemings, if the immigrants are to 'retain the language, habits and principles, good or bad, which they bring with them. Whereas by an intermixture with our people, they or their descendants get assimilated to our customs, measures and laws; in a word, soon become one people.' The long search for a true Americanism seems to start from sentiments which delightfully resemble British insularity expanded to embrace a continent.

He had, like any gentleman of the age, his moments of modish cosmopolitanism, when 'I trust you think me so much a citizen of the world as to believe I am not easily warped or led away by attachments merely local and American; yet'—true to race again—'I confess I am not entirely without them, nor does it appear to me that they are unwarrantable, if confined within proper limits.' The Anglo-Saxon is rarely equal to an exalted sense of international duty; and when the brotherhood of man appeared in an awkward gleam of French bayonets behind the beating drums of 1793, the President, no less than Mr. Pitt, remembered that brotherhood begins at home. The slow growth of his distaste for the French Revolution is one of the most instructive operations of that ingenuous mind. It cannot, one feels, have alarmed him because it was a revolution, since in his time he had made a revolution himself. But may the fatal cause have been that it was French? Even at the outset, when the thundering fall of the Bastille was still in the air and London was ringing with the shrill jubilation of Mr. Fox, he was guarded in his predictions. As the note deepened in the Place de la Révolution and the French proceeded, in their dreadful

way, to the logical conclusion of their opinions, he drew the hem of the young Republic's garment tightly round her in the ample gesture of neutrality, and passed by. And when the egregious Genet landed, with his antics and his eloquence and his deplorable style, he was confronted by a bland, a courtly, but an indubitable fragment of the *ancien régime*. Washington was never more completely the Whig gentleman than in his attitude to the French Revolution. He had always worn the blue and buff of a Virginia colonel. Three thousand miles away it was the Whig uniform; and there is so much in his temper that leads one to expect him, when the cloth is removed, to lift a port glass to 'Buff and blue, and Mrs. Crewe.' Yet he would not, one feels, have followed Mr. Fox. He must surely have applauded the grave, comminatory eloquence of Mr. Burke. He would have denounced regicide with a stern forefinger in the House of Commons; and when the Duke of Portland brought the Whigs over, Mr. Washington would have stood firmly with Mr. Pitt. He might, he must have sat with him in Cabinet. There is nothing incongruous in the combination. One can almost see the big jaw and the black suit on the Treasury Bench, watch the large knuckles on the despatch box, read the measured speech in Hansard. There was nothing in Washington to prevent it. But, born beyond the sea, he became by an alternative destiny the first American (and, perhaps also, the last Englishman) to govern the Thirteen Colonies.

One is far from asserting that George Washington was an Englishman astray in Colonial politics; since it would be rash, as well as tactless, to lodge a British claim to someone else's national hero. His whole achievement was impeccably American. He stood, he fought, he planned for the United States. He was, more truly than most of men whom it is said, the Father of his Country. But countries have grandparents as well; and as one watches the long shadow of Washington on the wall of history, one is aware of a growing certainty that he took strongly after his mother—after the suave, reserved, well-mannered England of the Eighteenth Century, when unhurried gentlemen, avoiding all parade, sedately undertook their public duties and bowed to one another a little stiffly. He seemed, as it were, to play an American part with the faintest suspicion of an English accent. He saw with a surprising clarity the broad vision of a continent controlled by a single people. Such visions are apt, in other races, to breed visionaries. But perhaps there was a colder, more northern light in the level eyes

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which saw their vision in terms of sound finance and waterways. Even in his military achievement one sometimes catches a queer echo of his enemies. It is the depressing destiny of British commanders to conduct military operations on behalf of legislative bodies. With an acute sense of their imperfections and a lively resentment of their control, they victoriously extend their boundaries in a mood which must always recall the somewhat uncertain relations of General Washington with Congress. Mr. Walpole might allude with graceful erudition to Fabius and Camillus and the institution of dictatorship. But it was the misfortune of the American dictator, which must engage the sympathy of all British soldiers, that his Senate remained in constant session. Like one of Wellington's fox-hunting brigadiers, he gave the view-halloo when he saw the red-coats through the raw mist of a winter morning at Princeton, and called the affair 'an old-fashioned Virginia fox-hunt, gentlemen.' Indeed, his major problem in the war had a still more British flavour. The scanty armies of Great Britain are frequently reduced to a defensive. Perhaps, since necessity often compels a British commander to preserve a force which is his country's sole resource, one may almost term it the national mode of war. Cohesion in retreat and steadiness in prolonged defence are rare virtues in military history; and in Europe they recur, more frequently than elsewhere, in British battle-honours. The trailing march of Moore's exhausted men across the black hills, under the pale skies of a Spanish winter, until they heard the waves in Corunna Bay and turned to fight; the long road from the piled and tumbled rocks of Beira, by way of Bussaco, to the great ridge of hills where the guns grinned northward in the Lines and Wellington outfaced the French; the blinding sunlight of a later summer, by which the left of an Allied line stumbled, unbeaten, southward toward Paris, until it halted and held along the Marne—these things are in the direct tradition of British warfare. They seem to follow in an unvarying succession, by which retreat is an inevitable prelude of victory. That it is not so with all fighting nations is clear from one singular contrast: Mons is an honoured name for Englishmen, but to French ears there is a sinister ring in Moscow. That, surely, is the military tradition in which Washington lived. He was, before all else, a master of deft withdrawals and stubborn defence. In other modes he had, at times, considerable successes. But they seem, somehow, less significant than his central achievement: Trenton may be, in one view, little more than a neat Colonial raid,

and Yorktown was a hammer-blow which owed at least as much to the anvil of French sea-power as to the steady hammer of the Continental troops. But he did, one feels, a far greater thing in the long defensive which maintained an American army in existence from 1777 to 1780. That was the core of Washington's work as a soldier. Its name, if it needs a name, was Valley Forge. So perhaps there is truth as well as courtesy in General Cornwallis' words, when he proposed a toast at dinner in a mixed company by the York River in 1781 and, addressing his host, observed that 'when the illustrious part that your Excellency has borne in this long and arduous contest becomes matter of history, fame will gather your brightest laurels rather from the banks of the Delaware than from those of the Chesapeake.' Those operations had been an admirable exercise in the British tradition, with American variants. There was more than a touch, at times, of the fringed shirt; but the red coat seemed always visible beneath it. Mr. Walpole might make little learned jokes about *Caius Manlius Washingtonius Americanus*. But the General was not a Roman. Perhaps no man was ever Roman except on his monument. Yet the bad Latin seems to fling a gleam of light on the tall figure, which stands so still in the shadows. For he was surely of the stiff company—*Vicecomes . . . Armiger . . . Comes de . . .*—whose images smile disdainfully at their dog Latin in country churches. He lived in that grave tradition of good manners; and in it, with an unwavering finger on his pulse, he gravely died. At his burial there were three volleys and a salvo of guns. But, with an informality that must seem curious in such a case, he never lay in state. The omission has been abundantly repaired; and it is his tragedy that his reputation has been lying in state ever since.

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LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is opened first.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 26.

(*The Second of the Series.*)

'Build me straight, O worthy Master!
 — and —, a goodly vessel,
 That shall laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!'

1. 'Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose.'
2. 'It came with a mighty power,
 Shaking the windows and walls.'
3. 'Begirt with many a blazing star,
 Stood the great giant.'
4. 'He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
 And heard at times a horse's tramp.'
5. 'Ye are better than all the ballads
 That ever were sung or said.'
6. 'Sick at heart have I been, beyond
 the — of friendship.'

Acrostic No. 26 is taken entirely from Longfellow's Poetical Works.

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed above 'Book Notes' on a later page.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back.

5. Solvers must on no account write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.

6. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.

7. Answers to Acrostic No. 26 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than April 21.

ANSWER TO NO. 25.			
1.	O	pposin	G
2.	C	harme	R
3.	E	lain	E
4.	A	lon	E
5.	N	also	N

PROEM : Southey, *The Inchcape Rock*.

LIGHTS :

1. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iii., 1.
2. Gay, *The Beggar's Opera*, ii., 2.
3. Tennyson, *Idylls of the King*.
Lancelot and Elaine.
4. Wolfe, *The Burial of Sir John Moore*.
5. Campbell, *Battle of the Baltic*.

Acrostic No. 24 ('Glorious Standard') : No answer was sent in correct in every light, except one to which an incorrect 'correction' came later. Every light was solved correctly by several competitors; Emerson and Henley provided the hardest lights, Tennyson and Thackeray the easiest. Ninety-six solvers sent in their answers : of these, twelve missed 1 light, ten missed 2 lights, sixty-eight missed more than 2, and six did not observe the rules about coupons, pseudonyms and references.

THE SIXTH SERIES.

The acrostics proved hard, but yet indecisive. Ten competitors are of equal merit, having missed only one light each ; to decide between them, a special acrostic is necessary. Avia, Azor, Caw, Edumis, Etheldreda, Heb, Mopsa, Omar, Roman, and Wynell should send in their answers, to arrive on or before April 16 ; their envelopes must be inscribed 'Special Acrostic' ; no coupon will be required.

SPECIAL ACROSTIC.

'She thought no maid betrothed could be more blest.'
'Here by God's rood is the one maid for me.'

1. 'A prize that passeth to and fro.'
2. 'Since —— began, there is no such thing to be
seen as a plain woman.'
3. 'Canst thou be ready by the second day
Unto the —— to take thy way ?'
4. 'The most unready man I ever knew to shine in
conversation.'

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